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Washington In War Times

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Washington—The New Capital of the World

WASHINGTON, July 29.—"For the first time since the Civil War the city of Washington is, in reality as well as in name, the capital of the United States."

This was said to me by a member of President Wilson's Cabinet, and was elicited by a remark concerning the tremendously intense war activities which center here. And though that point of view has obvious limitations, the statement is true.

This city is the front office of the nation at war. Here power resides and commands emanate. Though far from comprising the United States or containing within itself even a measurable portion of the potentialities of the country, it is the national conference room from which run lines of counsel and compulsion that co-ordinate the complex life of the nation and bring it to bear on the central task.

The responsible head of the whole colossal undertaking of war sits in a modest white house behind a park of trees; to right and left of him, never more than a few squares away, are his chiefs of war and finance and industry; and from these chiefs radiate to every city and four-corners of the Republic, through the medium of a vast army of officials and employes and voluntary helpers, the bewildering maze of lines of control and inspiration which could be neither numbered nor named in less than cyclopedic space.

In Washington one begins to understand what the President meant when he said he had frequently to remind himself that this city was not the country, that sometimes it did not even reflect the mind of the country. He said he found the southern windows of the White House useful to him because they looked out of Washington, across the Potomac, to the Virginia hills, and then beyond to the heavens themselves. And while it is truer now than at any other time that the mind of the country is the mind of the Capital, there is quite enough in this historic city to take one's mind for the moment off the United States.

The city itself is, of course, transformed. Not in any sense a large city as American cities go, its population has been augmented by 100,000 people who have been called to work and live here by the exigency of war. Normally, at this time of the year Washington is like a college town in vacation. Two-horse coaches with their darkey drivers and their tasseled, cream-colored sunshades moved leisurely about the streets in the shadows of the sycamore trees, which everywhere abound. Life had a pleasant flavor of Southern gentility; the traditions of Virginia and Maryland were dominant.

But now the city buzzes from dawn until midnight, not with social fuss, which is almost entirely absent, but with urgent business. The leisurely family coach has given way to the rushing motor car—"non-essentials," as Detroit Congressmen call them, in jocular reference to the plan that would restrict their manufacture. However "non-essential" the passenger automobiles may have been dubbed in offered legislation, they are so extremely essential here that they are parked five deep around every department, and it is virtually impossible to achieve a day's work without them.

The transformation has touched the city's natural features. Some of the beautiful parks have been commandeered for new Government buildings—not the stately type of edifice with columned marble facade which lends itself to souvenir booklets, but long wooden barracks lined with plaster-board partitions, only a little more sightly than the barracks of the cantonments. Blocks and blocks of these structures blotch the view in Washington, and more blocks and blocks are under construction.

Out through the fashionable avenues of the city, great residences and apartment houses have been commandeered by the score. I have interviewed officials who have set up their offices in butler's pantries and bathrooms and linen closets—the pantry shelves being filled with filing cases and the linen shelves heaped high with reports. I have interviewed important officials whose offices were the broad landings of staircases.

WORK CROWDS IN EVERYWHERE.

In the massive department buildings of ordinary times, the work has overflowed into the corridors, which are lined with desks and filled with clerks at work, while the upstairs halls are hardly passable because of the offices which have been set up in them. Cellars and attics and lawns have become hives of activity. As indicating the pressure of business on space, consider the fate of the diplomatic reception room in the Department of State. In this room with its black mahogany, blue upholstered furniture many notable scenes have occurred, many great treaties have been signed. It is a room one would visit for its associations. Yet today it is squarely cut across with a plaster-board partition; dignity has had to give way to utility.

And by night the work continues. Lights flash from the windows of the departments, and through the open doors comes the incessant click of the telegraph—it is coming daylight "over there" and the battle is being renewed. Moment by moment, in secret code, the cables, aerials and wires bring detailed reports of the struggle which swings back and forth along the Marne. Behind the gray walls of those great buildings are locked the secrets of the world. All the seas and continents are communicating with them for orders. And now, with the besieging public shut out, important men turn through the night hours to their real work, which is the study and determination of policies. Sometimes in the White House itself a single study lamp burns late, when all is quiet but the steady tramp of armed sentries.

So that there is no doubt of Washington being the war capital of the country. But it is more than that. Indeed, it began to be more than that before the war broke upon it. New York formerly was the financial capital of the country, but, when Congress instituted the Federal Reserve System, financial power began to pass to Washington.

The war has made Washington the dominating financial center of the country. Hitherto the money barons came to Washington to tell the Government what to do. The United States Treasury was a subordinate of private enterprise. But today high finance is a suppliant at the capital, its every enterprise dependent on the Government's permission.

New York formerly was the railway center of the country; Congress has made Washington the railway center; the director-general of all the lines has his office in the United States Treasury.

Until recently New York was the telephone and telegraph capital of the country; but down at one end of Pennsylvania avenue a few men debated a few days, and at the other end of that historic avenue a man quietly affixed his signature to a document, and lo! Washington became the directing center of the nation's lines of communication. Never in the history of the planet has so complete a power been centered in any city or extended over so wide a jurisdiction. Ancient Rome, in the height of her glory, becomes by comparison the merest county-seat and her Emperors the sheriffs of a small domain.

All this is due to the action of Congress and the pressure of war;

but when Woodrow Wilson's contribution to this city's modern greatness is considered it must be expressed in other terms. Woodrow Wilson has made Washington the capital of the world's triumphant thought.

There was a time when Greece ruled the world's thought and Rome was the fount of power. There was a time when London controlled the world's finance, a mastery which later passed to New York and now is held by Washington. But in recent centuries there has been no acknowledged leader of the world's thought amongst the cities of the world, nor indeed amongst the nations. It has even been true in our tempestuous political past that Washington was not even the center of the thought of the United States.

The war came on, dividing Europe into two camps, and still there was no leader of the world's thought. Paris spoke and London spoke, and both in similar terms, but they spoke as equals; neither led the other's thought.

A CITY THAT SPEAKS TO THE WORLD.

Then, as if blinded by that madness which the gods first visit upon those whom they would destroy, Germany aroused the American voice. At first it spoke in local accents, mere pleadings at the bar of international law. But it was a calm voice and betokened confident knowledge and power. From affairs purely national it was drawn by degrees to wider issues and profounder principles, and presently it began to speak in terms of the whole human race, belligerent and neutral, bond and free; and presently the whole race turned an ear to listen. The war in Europe was lifted out of its localisms and set in the light of universal principle.

Not Belgium only, but Germany herself; not Lorraine only, but all the pawned nationalities which could not lift a hand or a voice for themselves; not the issues of this war only, but the issues of all wars and strifes and jealousies and underhanded dealing—these were the deep concerns of which the American voice took note. And all the world listened. And all the world still listens.

The city of Washington has become the world's oracle. What "The Man in the White House" says is echoed round the globe as no other pronouncement is. Even in Germany—as is well known here—his addresses and state papers are correctly printed and widely circulated and commented upon, and have even won disciples amongst the leaders of the greater universities, bold disciples who cry and write that President Wilson is preaching the gospel which Germany must believe to be saved.

Washington—the capital of the world's thought. That is the feeling one gets from this city which lies in a bended arm of the ocean. As the Potomac flows to the sea which engirds all lands, so has the American idea gone out to influence all human thought. And as the whole world has come hither for sympathy and succor, so is it coming for the higher interpretation of the present strife and an illumining word on the great business of living together in peace again.

So that when the Cabinet member made his remark quoted at the head of this article, I was bold enough to add——

"And the capital of the world, too!"

"Yes," said he, "in a sense, in a very fine sense, the leader of the world's thought, at this time."

The eyes of both of us, as by instinct, sought the place where a white portico gleamed beyond tall, cool trees, where sat and worked the man who had newly articulated the human urge for liberty.

A Visit to President Wilson

WASHINGTON, July 30.—The President of the United States walked bareheaded and with quick, elastic tread along a flower-bordered path from the White House to the presidential offices.

The day was hot; a blistering sun drove blasts of heat along the avenues; but the President looked fresh and cool. As always, he was perfectly, though simply dressed, and in the summer garb that his photographs have made familiar—a blue coat, white flannel trousers and white canvas shoes.

The President rarely comes to his offices in these days of war, but does most of his work in the seclusion of his upstairs study in the White House. This, however, was "Cabinet day," and at 2:30 p. m. he was to meet the men whom he has set over the great departments of the Government.

But it had been arranged a week previously that on a given day before the Cabinet hour he would receive the representative of The Detroit News.

It is seldom nowadays that the President receives anyone not connected with the Government, unless on the most important business, whereby many legends have grown up of his cold aloofness. But his position is not difficult to understand. There are many thousands of people who imagine that they have business of the utmost importance with the President. Those whose business is of such importance that it permits them to penetrate as far as Mr. Tumulty, the President's very capable secretary, usually discover that their errand is not with the President at all, but with one of the departments. The President has so much business of such greater moment that his time and strength are saved for that.

THE PRESIDENT'S GUARD.

When a certain congressman afterward heard that I had been received by the President, he exclaimed. "Well, that is more than 400 of our congressmen have been able to do!" The President's time is just that closely guarded.

Secretary Tumulty's office was receiving the sun just then, and I moved out into the cooler hall. It was apparently deserted of all but a clerk. Outside, at the other end of the hall, a policeman passed down the path, carefully scrutinizing every foot of it, and when he reached the hall-door he examined that, and let his eyes pass up and down and through the hallway. Then he disappeared to his post. A Negro attendant came through and blocked the screen-door open.

It was evident that the moment was approaching when the President should arrive. He has not the freedom of the ordinary citizen who may roam at will about his back garden. Whenever he is about to leave the White House, silent signals are given in important quarters, and certain silent, athletic fellows suddenly appear from no one knows where.

So intent was I on watching for the President that when at length he strode through the door with a step of controlled vigor, I had eyes only for him. He came straight along the hallway, turning into his private office, and then I was quickly aware that I was not alone. In spaces that were untenanted a moment before, there were men—very quietly dressed men who had no apparent business there, but whose countenances did not invite conversational advances.

It was all very strange. At the door the President entered stood a man whom I had not seen there before. There was a man at the

President's office door, who certainly was invisible a few seconds before. There were two men standing where they could command the length of the hallway. And there was a particularly silent looking man at the doorway through which I entered the President's room. Not standing in the doorway, you understand, not serving as an obstruction in any way, not having the slightest suggestion of police survey, but very strangely giving one a sense of eyes—eyes—eyes, quietly alert, instantly ready. One felt that few movements escaped them. Indeed, that is putting it inaccurately; one felt that no movement whatever escaped them, and that they knew the contour of every pocket, and the movement of every hand.

STANDING BEFORE THE CHIEF MAGISTRATE.

I thank heaven that I still have an unspoiled boylike reverence for the President of the United States, and that I can still feel a thrill in standing before the White House and recalling all the history that has centered there and the great spirits those simple white walls have sheltered. It was no idle hour that brought me to see the President. I knew I was standing before one of the great figures of the world and of history. I knew it would be a memory to cherish, every detail—even those which custom prevents my writing—worthy to be treasured.

It was worth something to take the hand which had written the great state papers of these times and to look into the eyes which had so calmly faced the unprecedented facts of the last four years.

But I must confess that when at last the supreme moment came and I entered that circular room with its several doors, my attention was temporarily divided between the President and those silent men who stood in doorways surveying us from all angles. Nothing could possibly be more unobtrusive than those men, and yet they gave one a sense of mysterious presences. Not that one resented it, or even felt uncomfortable under it—for it is well that the President of the United States should be guarded with the utmost care, awake and asleep—but the unusualness of it in one's own experience was very impressive.

My own errand was simply and baldly to meet the President, talk with him a little and secure the basis of a character sketch. We had the time that remained before the Cabinet meeting.

The President looked extremely well. He is fit, and feels it. He is erect and straight without stiffness; he is a little taller than he seems to be when on the public platform. He looks older than when he was elected, even older than when last he visited Detroit, but he is not worn and does not appear harassed.

HE BEARS THE BURDEN WELL.

Still I could not but detect little signs of the burden he is bearing. The last time I saw him was two years ago, after he had spent a night on the train, and he had then stepped out to the work of an arduous day looking fresh as a daisy. He even showed a little color. But there is not so much color now, and his hair is thinner and grayer.

And yet it is a fact that he is in better physical condition now than when he became President. His life is ordered in every detail by Admiral Grayson, his physician. His work is arranged so that he can find time to obey his physician's orders with regard to recreation. He golfs in the country air several times a week. He sometimes goes to the theater—once, at least, he has gone to a motion picture show. Some people criticize him for attending the theater in war times—but, then, they criticized Lincoln for telling stories in '63.

The President is affable, but not effusively so. There are two ap-

pearances of this quality in public men: there is the man who is extremely friendly in his actions, extremely solicitous in his pretended personal interest in you, but you feel he is not sincere. Then there is the man who is extremely dignified, who feels his position and is afraid to unbend lest he break the spell—but you feel that his dignity is a veneer. Woodrow Wilson is reserved without being cold, and affable without being effusive. He is natural, but his nature is that of a cultivated gentleman who is filling a very exalted place. He does not repel, but neither does he warmly invite. And yet he is human—his friends say he is intensely human, even fun-loving. There is abundant testimony on this point.

He takes in the entire introduction with steady, friendly eye when you are presented to him, and you are a little surprised when later he makes a remark upon an obscure point in that introduction. It may be that he has discovered in your name a sign that you, like himself, are of Scottish descent, and he makes a playful remark about it. It may be that you have expressed your pleasure at his appearance of hardy health, and he is quite unaffectedly glad in telling you how fit he is. But you could never conceive him saying that he "feels bully," or clapping you on the back, or bestowing himself in his chair in an attitude of negligent abandonment.

IS THE PRESIDENT A COLD MAN?

Woodrow Wilson is not a politician in the personal sense. He is an historian; he is a statesman; he has guided the destinies of thousands of young men as the president of a great university; and these things have left their indelible stamp on him; they have helped give him the high cultivation of character he possesses.

It is frequently said that the President is cold, even icy. To be sure, you cannot be in his presence even for a moment without feeling that there is a great hardihood of power in his ensemble. You feel that below the surface lies a strong decisiveness, but it is in such serene control that it is not always belligerently asserting itself.

Even before I met him I was constrained to believe by fresh reading of all his speeches that no "cold" man could think the thoughts he thinks and express them as he does. It would be constitutionally impossible. Or even outside the speeches, take his volume of essays entitled "Mere Literature," written at a time when he could not have been thinking even remotely of the Presidency, and see how impossible it would have been for that human play of thought to have proceeded from a cold mind. His thought is warm—that statement is beyond question.

Now that I have seen the man himself and been within the circle of his personal atmosphere, I find him strong, dignified, but still so human as to be the kind of man one would instinctively and confidently appeal to on a purely human matter. For all his culture, for all the lonely isolation of his position, he is one of us—an American

A LONELY EMINENCE.

The Presidency is an isolated place, and the President is an isolated man—not by his own choice, but of necessity. In the end, after all counsel has been summoned and heard, after all the facts are in, after all conflicting voices have roared themselves quiet—in the end, there is just one mind that makes the final decision, just one head upon whom the ultimate responsibility rests, just one name whose luster or whose stain shall be decreed by impartial history, the President's. It is now commonly understood that those passages in the President's

speech accepting Lincoln's birthplace for the nation, those passages which speak of the lonely regions of the Presidency, are autobiographical.

The White House itself is an isolated place. Set down in the busy center of the city of Washington, never busier than now, it stands nevertheless apart. It is not walled in as a fortress, it stands easily in view behind its iron palings and its park of trees. It even has a pastoral aspect when the flock of sheep now grazing there roam out in front of the house. But it belongs not to these local scenes, but to the Great Nation, past, present and to come. One never forgets that within these walls Lincoln agonized and prayed and set his great spirit to the tasks of his time. One never forgets that these ancient trees have been voiceless witnesses of tragedy and triumph. Even the august Capitol itself has not that same quality of set-apartness.

And yet the White House is only the President's home. Mrs. Wilson's food card and Red Cross card hang in the front room windows, as they do in millions of other American homes. There are even lightning rods on the roof, as in the rural districts. The family garden is there as it is in any other yard. A flag of modest dimensions floats at an eagle-tipped staff atop the house. On Bastile Day, for the first time in our history, another flag flew there, on a specially erected staff—it was the French tri-color. Sometimes one sees a coach and team drawn up under the portico, sometimes a Ford car.

When the President rides out, a large closed car draws under the portico, two motorcycle men precede him through the crowded streets, and at other times flank his car, while an auto carrying secret service men trails close behind. When he returns, he walks quickly across the portico, following Mrs. Wilson; the secret service men alight and fade away amongst the trees. Policemen are on all the White House gates and throughout the grounds day by day. And when night comes, the great iron doors in the basement of the War Department open, squads of soldiers march out, the greater part moving into the White House grounds, and a score or more marching around outside the fence to their fixed posts in the streets. All night long there is heard the tread of sentries inside and out the White House grounds. Sometimes against a background of flaring light is seen a silhouetted soldier, his sloped rifle tipped with gleaming bayonet, pacing his post.

THE PRESIDENT AT DIVINE WORSHIP.

The President is a fairly regular attendant at church. The edifice he favors is an inconspicuous Presbyterian Church at a considerable distance from the White House. It is not a large church, and it is without ornate adornment. It has no choir, but follows the old system of the precentor leading the singing. The President has a pew reserved well forward and usually appears on the precise moment when the service begins.

When the President goes to church, the same precautions for his safety are taken as elsewhere. Usually a concourse gathers outside the building to see him enter. They line the church steps and extend far down the street. Policemen are at hand to keep the line. As the President appears, men lift their hats to him, a greeting which he returns.

During service the President is an earnest participant and an attentive listener. He sings the hymns with a will and bows low during prayer. There is no word in the sermon to indicate his presence, but in the prayer there is heard the ancient petition that the Eternal might give guidance to the President of the United States and his counsellors, and sustain him in the courage and rectitude of his heart.

But a rather curious thing has happened, and so quietly as hardly to attract the attention of any but the very observant. The President and Mrs. Wilson entered the church apparently alone, yet there appeared three men following him up the aisle at a distance, and the men dropped into vacant places at the end of pews at points along the aisle. Just before the sermon began, two more men entered the pew with the President and sat there. When the service was over and the final hymn had been sung, the congregation remained standing in their places, and at that moment the two men who had been sitting with the President stepped into the aisle and a little forward, to permit them a survey of the entire room. The President stepped out of his pew, moved a little aside for Mrs. Wilson to pass, and together they walked down the aisle toward the door, the three men sitting at the pew-ends each rising and following as the President passed his pew, the two men up front remaining where they were until the President had passed through the doors. By the time the congregation reached the street, the Presidential motor was far toward the White House.

It is said on authority that Woodrow Wilson had never been within the White House until he entered it as President. But with his known taste for dignified simplicity, he probably found the building and its appurtenances quite to his mind. It is in the very midst of the thronging activities of the War Government, and yet it offers a seclusion all its own. The President is only a few minutes from any Cabinet member he may want to see. Across the street on one side are the State, Army and Navy departments; across the street on the other side is the Treasury Department. The other departments are distributed about the District of Columbia.

The President's private office is finished in white, after the Colonial fashion. It is a circular room with four doors, having a row of deep-set windows on the southern side. These windows look across the park beyond which is known as The White Lot—a name redolent of Colonial times—and across the Potomac to Virginia and its purple hills.

THE PRESIDENT AND HIS ADVISORS.

In this room the President receives. There is a strange absence of ornamentation of every sort. The fireplace is plain. Not even a flag hangs there. A wide, noble desk is in perfect order, bearing a few reference volumes, a sheaf of sharpened pencils and a vase of fresh roses. In the wall spaces between the doors are set concave bookcases.

One of the doors—and this was the only door that did not reveal the presence of one of the aforementioned quiet young men whose eyes were so unobtrusively on watch—leads to the Cabinet Room. This is a surprisingly small room, set with a long table, down each side of which stood a row of black leather chairs. At one end stood the President's chair, distinguished by having arms and a somewhat higher back. Each chair is marked by a silver plate bearing the official title of its user, as—"The President," "The Secretary of State," and so on through the Cabinet list.

It would be pure bravado to say that one did not have thoughts of the momentous discussions which have been held in that room. The large maps on the wall, the movable pins that mark the daily, hourly changes of the battle lines, were too conspicuous to lead to other thoughts than that here was the center of American deliberation on the greatest event in our history, and here, too, in a peculiar sense the center of the world's hope for democracy.

And the chief figure in this mighty confluence of events, the mind

which more than any other had enshrined the immemorial yearnings of humanity in words the world will not soon forget—the chief figure, he who has defined the issue and has cast the deciding ballot in the world's greatest contest, was there in person that summer day—calm, strong and radiating a sense of deep, quiet power.

In all this story I have only one item of news to give—the President will not "recess." There will be no vacation for him this year; he is on daily, hourly duty till the war ends.

The President gave his hand in farewell. My last glance left him as I had found him—alone.

Outside, the Cabinet members were assembling. Some of them came afoot, mopping their brows. Some came in massive cars, to which the guards at the gates immediately opened. One came in an old-fashioned carriage, drawn by horses. It had been a great day in France. The public bulletins had been bringing great news for days. The maps in the Cabinet Room had marked rapid and glorious changes. And here were assembling the chief directors of America.

As I came out, the flag over the White House had caught a breeze, and its rippling lines of color were straining, straining at the halyards —seeming to throw long yearning arms of light IN THE DIRECTION OF FRANCE!

The Great Purpose—America's World Program

WASHINGTON, D. C., July 31.—Day by day it becomes more apparent how the war is going to end. As to when it is going to end the former prophets of a long war become less and less convincing. And by the same token, the words of President Wilson take on more and more an ominous aspect. Every blow the American army strikes brings the Fourteen Propositions of the President nearer their test of practical application. Every mile the enemy is driven back, every segment of his power that is dislodged and destroyed simply brings one stage nearer the hour when President Wilson's program for the world shall become the imminent demand of the Allies in the World Council of Peace.

On Jan. 8, 1918, these propositions were ideal desires embodied in a speech. Today they represent American world-judgment backed by military force. Tomorrow they will be the working program of a new Civilization which is confidently expected to rise from the ashes of the present holocaust.

What is America fighting for? What is the Great Purpose we hoped to achieve, when we emerged from our hemispheric seclusion and threw in our lot with the champions of world democracy?

In a speech at Washington, in May, 1917, a month after the declaration of war, President Wilson said: "We have gone in with no special grievance of our own." His words were misinterpreted in some quarters to mean that we went in on account of the grievances of other nations. The President explained that he meant that we had no grievance different from that of other nations, no grievance peculiar to ourselves, but the common grievance of four-fifths of the world.

This coincides with a remark made to me by a very high official, close to the President, who said he discounted all statements that we went to war because we feared an immediate German invasion of the United States. There was no question, he said, as to what Germany would like to do, but there was a question of what she would find herself able to do—and an immediate invasion of America had been beyond the Kaiser's military strength at any time after the second year of the European war.

"But," he said, "if Germany had won the war—and in all military senses, except the admission of defeat on the part of the Allies, she has won it several times—it would have meant that the American half of the world would have to arm itself against the Prussianized half. I mean to say that a victorious Prussianism in control of Europe and a part of Asia, would have begun to prepare for real world conquest.

"She would have had half the civilized world as a base from which to work against our half. It would have meant that for generations to come the Americas would have to fortify the entire coast line from Hudson Bay to Cape Horn and from the Cape to Alaska; every man in North and South America would have to take compulsory military training. The two American continents would be compelled to keep themselves always ready for war, at an unimaginable cost in taxation and the cost of the Prussianization of our entire life.

"Whether at peace or at war, we could not be free and live our lives as we have been living them. America went to war to save herself and the world from the possibility of this."

Every day of the struggle brings closer the hour when all the nations, Allied and enemy, will have to march up before President Wil-

son's propositions and say what they will do about them. Greater than the war itself will be the revolution of the lives of the nations when these propositions are adopted—which the Allies have morally pledged themselves to do. The supreme event of the epochal upheaval is yet to come, when an American President, by proposals extremely simple, dominates the World Peace Council.

It can be said that President Wilson has not changed his mind since first he notified the world of what a stable and enduring peace would demand. This is not to say that on minor matters he has not modified his opinions, for he has.

NEVER SUCH AGONY AGAIN.

For example: At one time the President thought that the German people would be glad to be released from their present form of government, and though it was never in his thought that it was either his right or his duty to force such a change upon them, he was of the opinion that they would welcome the opportunity to make it for themselves. But he has come to believe that the German people prefer the form of government they have—that they like it. And on his principle of the self-determination of peoples, they can keep it for all that he will interpose to the contrary, and welcome. But he is determined to see to it that no peace is concluded which will enable the present German power, or any government that may succeed it, ever again to become a military menace to the peace of the world.

The German people may keep their Kings and Kaisers galore and their gaudy courts; but those rulers will be bound by the will and the might of the world to courses of conduct which will make the present world agony forever impossible of repetition. The President's will to destroy Prussianism as a world menace is, if possible, stronger now than it was a year ago.

What are these proposals which begin to loom so commandingly above the horizon of war? They are, in the order the President stated them:

"Open covenants of peace, openly arrived at." That is plain. No secret diplomatic card-tricks at the Peace Council. A literal minded statesman thought that this meant mass meetings of the American people with the treaty-making statesmen of foreign nations, and introduced a resolution in the American Congress that a certain international arrangement then pending be discussed as a tax question might.

The objection of the Administration to this course was exploited as a retreat by the President from his original position. In which connection it may be worth while to read the proposal as a whole: "Open COVENANTS OF PEACE, openly arrived at, AFTER WHICH there shall be NO PRIVATE INTERNATIONAL UNDERSTANDINGS of any kind, but diplomacy shall proceed always frankly and in the public view."

Obviously, the President was not criticizing American diplomacy, the results of which always are made known to the people, and which have never caused or contemplated war, the treaties themselves not being entered into with the President, but with representatives of the American people; he was referring to the secret diplomacy of Europe which always remained secret, the secrecy being frequently used as concealment, for the practice known as "double-crossing," the sole outlook of which was toward war.

"Absolute freedom upon the seas, outside territorial waters, alike in peace and in war, except as the seas may be closed in whole or in part by international action for the enforcement of international covenants." This is to make the nations of the world the peace force of the world.

"The removal, so far as possible, of all economic barriers and the establishment of an equality of trade conditions among all the nations consenting to the peace and associating themselves for its maintenance." This is in direct opposition to the plan of the "never-done-hating" contingent to continue an economic boycott, or trade warfare to the death, after military warfare is ended. The President clearly sees that nothing would more directly foment another war. If Germany consents to the peace and assists to maintain it, she will be admitted, after certain reparations have been assumed by her, to the economic fraternity of the nations.

"Adequate guarantees given and taken that national armaments will be reduced to the lowest points consistent with domestic safety." No nation ever went to war without a great war armament. The President sees that if you remove the fuel you can't have a fire. The Pacifists are therefore partly right in their argument; they are only wrong in contending that if the United States has no armament—the fuel of war—Germany, for example, could not start a fire if she had the armament. With warlike preparedness nowhere, war is physically impossible.

RIGHTING THE WRONGS OF HISTORY.

" * * * In determining all * * * questions of sovereignty the interests of the populations concerned must have equal weight with the equitable claims of the Government whose title is to be determined." This is in consonance with the President's contention, which all free peoples confirm, that human beings are not pawns to be handed around or traded off to suit the exigencies of war or politics, but are endowed with certain inherent and inalienable rights which any power ignores at its peril.

"The evacuation of all Russian territory." "Belgium * * * must be evacuated and restored." "All French territory should be freed and the invaded portions restored." "A readjustment of the frontiers of Italy * * * along clearly recognizable lines of nationality." "The peoples of Austria-Hungary * * * should be accorded the freest opportunity of autonomous development." "Rumania, Serbia and Montenegro should be evacuated; occupied territories restored." "The Turkish portions of the present Ottoman Empire should be assured a secure sovereignty, but the other nationalities which are now under Turkish rule should be secured an undoubted security of life and an absolutely unmolested opportunity of autonomos development." "An independent Polish state should be erected which should include the territories inhabited by indisputably Polish populations."

This group of statements proposes nothing less than that the wrongs of this war should be righted, not only, but also the wrongs of history out of which the war grew. The roots of the struggle run deep into the past. Though often cut down by swords, they bloom red every few years. "The Balkan war cloud," that continuous harbinger of European upheaval for centuries, is nothing more or less than the sprouting again of ancient resentments watered by unspeakable wrongs. The cure is radical; these wrongs committed by the fathers in a darker time must be freely righted by their sons in a more enlightened time. Mankind must recognize the principle that the eternal has decreed world-power to no race, no nation and no man, because there is none that can be trusted with it. Colossal power may hinder the racial instinct, the desire for liberty, fundamental in humanity; but no power is ever great enough to destroy it. When denied, it festers, it breaks, it poisons. And no settlement ever endures that is not founded on universal

righteousness. The American President proposes nothing less than that the world confess its historic sins and repent, and bring forth fruits meet for repentance.

The Fourteenth and last Proposal is for a general association of nations to guarantee the stability of these readjustments when they are made.

No declaration in the history of liberty since the American Declaration at Philadelphia has come upon the mind of the world with such compelling and crystallizing force as the new Declaration at Washington. The mere fact that an American President should utter such principles, speaking officially, speaking directly to the people of the world and their rulers, marked a long step, the culminating step of centuries of ascent toward the shrine of a more perfect Freedom.

IDEALISM MADE PRACTICABLE.

The fact that these principles were not suspended between heaven and earth to float in a hazy halo of idealism, but were translated into terms of the most tremendous force not actuated by selfish national desire that the world has ever seen assembled, renders them uniquely pre-eminent, not only as the hope of four-fifths of the world, but as its adopted program. There is no system of political philosophy today bent toward Freedom, no wild and impotent yearning of the instincts of subject peoples that can approach in majesty, in profundity, and in Twentieth Century practicability the new and upward trending path struck out by the President.

If it were mere idealism it would be the highest political idealism ever attained and uttered by statesman or reformer. When Woodrow Wilson was professor of jurisprudence and politics at Princeton he dealt with young minds that had the morning freshness of idealism still upon them, and he heard from the students such impractical visions as ethereal angels might have had. And Woodrow Wilson would quietly say: "Just draft that into the form of an Act of Congress, please." He always insisted that the star should be harnessed to a wagon. The teacher has followed his own instruction. he has drafted the world ideal into a practical program.

The statesmen of the world have sat at his feet and have pronounced the instruction faultless and the program fully attainable, if mankind seeks righteousness first. The great powers of the world hail it as a foretold release from the intolerable burdens of war establishments in times of peace. The oppressed peoples everywhere hear in it the trumpet of a new resurrection of Liberty. And the human spirit at large has been lifted above the trammels of historic errors and their consequences, into the serene light of eternal rectitude and has descried in the near distance a new Humanity set on foundations of Justice.

Politics and the nearness of the man forbid a description of the American President in terms of his personal greatness as the centuries will view him; but there is no barrier whatever to describing his utterance as the capstone of all the building-words of Liberty up to this time.

Heed well the Fourteen Propositions. The American Army in France and the armies of the Allies are even now opening the doors of the council chamber in which they shall be proclaimed the new rule of the world.

Damming Up American Sources of German Wealth

WASHINGTON, Aug. 3.—It is one of the ironies of our history that the rivers of money which German agents poured out to destroy our neutrality and paralyze our national will, was American money. It was earned here, contributed here and spent here. It is doubtful if the entire American propaganda dipped very heavily at any time into the German war chest.

The method was very simple. At the beginning of the European War, millions of dollars' worth of war bonds was floated in the United States by the belligerents, and one of the more substantial flotations was made by the German Government. Many people bought large quantities of German bonds because at the beginning of the war they looked like good investments. Many more people bought because their sympathies were with Germany. Nothing seemed more improbable at the time than that the United States and Germany would ever go to war; it was not even thought of; if it had been deemed possible, the flotation of German bonds would not have been so successful. However, the Government of the United States has turned the tables and has put millions of dollars of German property into Liberty Bonds, so that German money is now fighting the Kaiser in a more military sense than ever American money was made to fight America.

It simply shows how utterly unwarlike are our American institutions, that when we declared war we had no way of locating or controlling enemy sources of wealth in this country. Our own processes of business were being used as feeders for the enemy; business concerns under alien control were being used as sources of pressure upon our Government; enemy power over some of our most essential sources of production was so extended and potent as to be actually embarrassing in the first days of the war. While the Secret Service had uncovered the sources of active propaganda, the source of maintenance for the propaganda had to wait its discovery—there wasn't time, there weren't enough men to do the whole job at once. We discovered the propaganda and effectually controlled it upon the outbreak of war; the discovery of the sources of its money support is not completed even yet, and new disclosures are being made every day.

How is it done? The answer involves the story of the Alien Property Custodian's Department. War was declared in April, 1917, but it was September before the Trading With the Enemy Act was passed, and it was October before a man was appointed to begin the work of uncovering enemy wealth in this country. The man was A. Mitchell Palmer, a Pennsylvania Quaker who had been in Congress. It is an uncontradicted story in Washington that Mr. Palmer was offered the post of secretary of war by the President, but declined because war was a violation of his Quaker faith! However, many things have happened since, and there is no fighting spirit that now surpasses Mr. Palmer's in intensity.

That is how the work began—with one man. He carried his oath of office around in his pocket, wondering where and how to begin. There was no precedent for what he was supposed to do; there was no information to proceed upon. Finally he rented a room for an office, with a colored boy for attendant. He looked at his job and decided that if he were to accomplish anything he must ask the assistance of he country. And once more the tremendous importance of voluntary ervice was demonstrated. People from all over the country responded

with their knowledge of enemy holdings. The reports poured in at the rate of 1,000 a day, completely swamping Mr. Palmer's one-room office.

The turn upward came one day when Ralph Stone, of Detroit, walked in to ask directions for the disposal of a large enemy-owned estate he was handling. It happened that Mr. Stone and Mr. Palmer had been classmates at Swarthmore. And the thought occurred to Mr. Palmer: "Here is Stone, an experienced trust company man; why not get him to organize the gigantic trust department which will be necessary to handle these enemy estates?" That is precisely what Mr. Stone stayed six months to do, and Mr. Palmer frequently acknowledges his indebtedness to Mr. Stone's valuable and timely assistance. Detroit also provided Mr. Palmer an able aide in W. G. Fitzpatrick, who until recently was assistant director of the Bureau of Investigation.

ONE BILLION AMERICAN DOLLARS IN ENEMY CONTROL.

As the reports continued to pour in it became evident that the Alien Property Custodian had a most extensive and complicated business on his hands, a business which eventually may exceed one billion dollars. His department now occupies seven floors of a large apartment building and has lately spread out to include a second large building which is alien property. In six months after he began Mr. Palmer was directing a trust company second in size to none in the country. He has an extensive voluntary organization of investigators, including 30,000 lawyers, probate judges, banks, tax commissions, postmasters and real estate boards. He also has the co-operation of the Secret Service Sections of the Army and Navy, the Department of Justice and the War Trade Board and the governmental agencies. Thus he has spread over the country a vast net which is slowly but surely gathering in all the sources of enemy wealth existing here.

There are now in this department 25,000 property reports, only a third of which has thus far been placed on the books, but this third totals $450,000,000. There are enormous holdings not yet uncovered; there are other holdings in control of camouflage American corporations hastily organized to preserve German property for its original owners.

Today Mr. Palmer is running 250 very large business concerns, among them being breweries, chocolate factories, woolen mills, steel mills, lumber camps and mills, steamship lines, insurance companies, lace factories, cotton mills, piano factories, tobacco plantations, fruit farms, mines, saloons, hotels, a newspaper, a menagerie and certain art enterprises. He keep the largest general store in the world.

One naturally expects some very starting statements as to the existence of a partnership between the German Government and German business in the United States, some wild and mysterious tales of German industries serving as a cover for military invasion of this country. But, on the whole, such expectations are disappointed. It is possible, however, "if you have the mind of a prosecuting attorney," as one member of the department expressed it, to observe a number of coincidences, the significance of which is obvious.

GERMAN BUSINESS A WAR AUXILIARY.

For illustration: It is a fact that two weeks before the European war broke out, the German woolen, cotton and silk industries in this country received the largest supply of dyestuffs they had ever had in stock. They fortified themselves with a year's supply of this commodity—a practice unheard of before. Moreover, for three weeks before the outbreak feverish haste was observable everywhere to rush to German-owned industries enormously large quantities of raw ma-

terial, so that additional warehouses had to be built to contain it. And, third, there was a definite, concerted movement among the German financiers in the United States to unload all securities that probably would be affected unfavorably by war.

But the Alien Property Custodian deals only in facts, not conjectures. If you ask whether the department has uncovered any direct preparations for an attack upon the United States, you will be given facts like the following:

St. Andrews Bay, Fla., is the nearest United States harbor to the Panama Canal. It is entirely inclosed by a belt of timber-land miles deep. For 75 miles in all directions the land and riparian rights are controlled by a member of a ruling German royal house. Ostensibly owned by the German-American Lumber Co., it was the scene of strange proceedings. Its officers and superintendents did not stay longer than a year, and were never chosen from the United States. A succession of them came from the Argentine, Chile, Brazil, Mexico and other southern countries. They changed as regularly as army officers. The profits of the business were disseminated in the United States for purposes not yet disclosed. The harbor was a splendid one, but no one outside the company was permitted to use it. No one could get within 75 miles of it without trespassing. When war broke out a quantity of the most virulent German propaganda was found in those forests and in consequence two presidents of the company are now in internment camps.

The sequel is that the lumber forests of St. Andrews Bay are now turning out material for cantonments and ships, and the harbor is the scene of numerous launchings of American craft. The 600,000 acres of lumber, property of a German prince, is proving a very cheap yet valuable adjunct to the United States in this war. Moreover, the Government is selling the harbor sites for the benefit of American commerce.

It is the opinion here that the origin of German commercial enterprise in the United States was innocent of objectionable features. "Industrial colonization" and "peaceful penetration" were afterthoughts.

HOW GERMAN-AMERICAN BUSINESS BECAME KAISER ALLY.

Let us take "The House of Conrad" as an example. Forty years ago, let us say, the elder Conrad began to do business with the United States. Business increased and he conceived the idea of building an American mill here to obviate the payment of duties on his goods. So he sent his son over to the United States to build a mill, and sent workmen to man it and German machinery to equip it. The younger Conrad did well and sent back large sums every year to his father in Germany. Of course, the German Government saw to it that it received a handsome share of the elder Conrad's American profits. Presently other German manufacturers were following the elder Conrad's example and they too were building factories in America—usually in the neighborhood of other German-American factories.

The sons thus established in America settled down and married, some of them, American girls; sent their sons to Harvard and Yale, became to all appearances good citizens, and were even chosen to public office. More and more German businesses established themselves in America, until their methods were felt in every field. The "Made in Germany" goods were mostly made in America, in factory towns along the eastern coast.

Then one day the German Government awoke to what it had here in America. As today on the battlefield, soldiers see a long string of

shell holes, which by a little work in connecting them can be made into a trench, so the German Government saw that by joining these large German-American businesses in some sentimental union for the Fatherland, it could avail itself of a great power here. In the meantime, of course, the great German-American factories had their sections of cities where the population was entirely German; they had their school boards; they had a native language newspaper or two; and the great business concerns, following the American practice, usually had representatives at Washington, either in Congress or in the lobby, looking out for their interests.

GERMAN-AMERICAN ENTERPRISE DUBBED "GERMAN COLONIES."

Bent purely on business, these German-Americans had constructed something which by a little unification the German Government could use. But the important fact to be considered is that it was the German Government which made the discovery. The maps in the Foreign Office suggested the plan. These German-American industrial centers began to be marked on German official maps as "German colonies." The German Government began to cultivate these expatriated business men. It sent its notables among them to stimulate their sentiment for the Old Land. It put its scientific and transportation service at their command. One of the last favors it did for them, and one which was intended to hold them in duty bound to help German purposes, was to give them warning of the war, and to ship them great supplies of essential commodities obtainable only in Germany, so that German-American business could continue profitably no matter who suffered.

In payment for this favor the German Government asked the German-American business men to hold the United States aloof from the war. With their newspapers, their representatives in Congress and elsewhere, their financial pressure, their public standing generally, it was confidently believed they could do this with the methods supplied them by the German Government. Indeed, they had no doubt that they could do it. And they tried very hard, but failed.

Now, that is not nearly so exciting as tales of hidden armaments and thousands of reservists drilling by night, but, according to information at Washington, it comes nearer the fact; and if we can curb our taste for the sensational we shall be able to see that the more matter-of-fact conditions were really the more dangerous.

Well, what has become of these great properties? They are all working now for the United States Government, some of them directly, others indirectly. Americans have been put in charge of them. The woolen and cotton mills are turning out American uniforms. The steamship companies are carrying American troops. The lumber companies are building American cantonments and ships. The food companies are supplying American fighting men. And to date about $45,000,000 have been put into the United States Treasury to buy Liberty Bonds.

Indeed, there are now few really enemy alien businesses in this country. The Alien Property Custodian has had to issue a warning against the mistaken zeal of American business men who seek to turn public prejudice against concerns formerly owned and operated by Germans. The concerns may have been German a year ago—they are now American, and their prosperity contributes to the American war chest.

TRICKS TO RETAIN MONEY SOURCES.

Of course, the department meets with some skullduggery. To prevent seizure some German owners have transferred their property to pseudo-Americans on notes which are to be paid in the year 1937, or some other date safely set beyond the end of the war. In other instances, sham American corporations have been organized to save property for German owners. In all such cases, as soon as they were discovered, the Alien Property Custodian takes prompt action.

When properties are sold, the buyers are strictly investigated, and their subsequent actions are carefully noted. If it is discovered that they have acted for the former German owners, or have practiced any deceit whatsoever in the transaction, they are fined and the property confiscated. It is an extremely costly proposition to oppose the Government in this matter.

It would be an interesting speculation to consider what effect all this is to have on American business. The insurance business already has been benefited since a dozen large foreign-owned insurance companies are in liquidation, their business being taken over by American companies. Others may be closed out as the work progresses.

The American fur business was completely controlled from Leipzig. America was simply the collecting and shipping agency. Every pelt had to go to Leipzig to be dressed and dyed. Americans were allowed to buy back only three-fifths of their catch. And in doing so they were forced to pay the original cost—their own work—plus the expense of dressing and dying, plus a handsome German profit, plus a 30 per cent duty to get their own American furs back into the United States. The interests of the German fur barons were sold to American furriers for several millions of dollars, which was turned into the United States treasury, and now the American fur trade is independent, and a process of dyeing equal to that of Leipzig or London has been perfected. Thus a large source of profit has been securely placed in the hands of American industry. The list could be enlarged, but this will indicate how the system works.

And what is to become of the value of these German properties after the war? For the reader will understand, of course, that the United States is not stealing German property. It is, however, making all enemy property and money work for the United States in this war. The proceeds go into Liberty Bonds. Future disposition is in the hands of Congress and probably will not be decided until after the war. The more than one billion dollars in value now in sight will have considerable weight with Germany in the terms of settlement. Moreover, there will be an "accounting" at the end of the war which may turn German property forever out of German hands. There is a strong feeling here that German capital, having proved its active enmity to the United States, should not be allowed to begin where it left off with the added advantage accruing from American management during the war. There is a strong feeling that the aforesaid "House of Conrad" should be required to begin, if allowed to recommence at all, at the bottom of the ladder, in genuine competition and not with the advantage of the German governmental aid it has heretofore received. Certainly it is felt that the profits being made during the war and deposited in Liberty Bonds under no circumstances should be returned to the German owners of the properties.

WHO IS THE BUSINESS "ENEMY"?

One last point: Who is the "enemy" contemplated in these proceedings? The definition of "enemy" is very interesting. Any person,

regardless of citizenship or nativity, who is within the lines of the enemy, is regarded as an "enemy." Even an American citizen detained abroad within the enemy lines is regarded as an "enemy" by the terms of the "trading with the enemy act." But a peaceful German or Austrian citizen residing here is not regarded as an enemy. All persons interned by the War Department are "enemies," whether Americans or other. American wives of enemy aliens are counted as enemies to prevent their incomes reaching their husbands through neutral countries. All citizens or subjects of Germany or Austria-Hungary who have been on enemy territory since the outbreak of the European War are regarded as "enemies." The list has 10 classifications. There are the most interesting:

Why is an American citizen who is detained by the enemy classified as an "enemy." Because his very situation forces him to "trade with the enemy." If he has property in the United States, pressure may be brought to bear on him by rough usage or otherwise to dispose of it to purchase favors, and thus assist the enemy. Being classified as an "enemy," his property may be guarded in his interest by the United States Government, and at the same time prevented from becoming of assistance to the enemy. There are numerous cases, each full of human interest, in all these classifications.

Out West a farmer boy wrote that when war between the United States and Germany seemed imminent, his father decamped for Germany to fight for his Fatherland. He left his wife and six children on the farm. The son reported the farm as enemy property, as required by law, but pleaded that he be allowed to keep it to support his mother and the other children. He said they were all Americans at heart. They did not wish to be punished for their father's act. Of course, the Alien Property Custodian arranged that the tenor of that family's life go on undisturbed. Its policy in all such cases is admirably and humanely American.

It cannot be said too often or too explicitly that the subject of an enemy government residing in this country will never be molested by the American Government as long as he conducts himself properly. We do not follow the course of the German government in such matters. We do not punish people because of their nationality. The law-abiding resident, no matter where his allegiance may be, is perfectly secure during his period of good behavior. In a long search through the activities of the Government at war, the present writer has been unable to find a single trend toward oppression of any kind.

Another Interior Enemy—The Profiteer

WASHINGTON, Aug. 5.—I came to Washington with hot indignation against the profiteer. It seemed inconceivable that men would trade in the life-blood of the nation, coin profit out of the sacrifice of the soldiers, and deal with greedy dishonesty in the money of the Liberty Loans which the people had scraped together with such care and self-abnegation.

I expected to find the profiteer in Washington and hoped to wrest from him the secret of his sadly twisted mind. But on arriving there I discovered that he had been left behind in the body of the nation.

The first note on this subject was heard in the train. Two western business men were journeying to Washington with their troubles. Both had government contracts and neither seemed to be very happy about it. One was a manufacturer of shells—he was "in the shell game," as he phrased it. Said he, "We have even a closer proposition than the fuse men," and his entire conversation dealt with the heavy expense of a new factory, the bonuses he had to pay his workmen for speed, the cost of training hundreds of new employes.

Said he, "It looked like a good contract when I got it, but everything has gone up on me to such an extent that I won't break even."

He was going to Washington to inquire if it would be worth while for him to go ahead at top speed, regardless of expense, and swallow his loss in the assurance that the next contract would yield a working profit.

Then, after I had been in Washington two days I happened to be going through the great department of army engineers and I heard a case being pleaded there. The holder of a government contract had gone through with it up to the official specifications, but had lost everything he had in doing so. He had been compelled to mortgage his home to keep the work moving. He was asking if he could hope for relief sufficient to enable him to remain in business. Naturally, his case was taken up, and the government will deal justly with him. But a government investigator will gather all the facts at first-hand first.

This led me to make inquiries, and an official high in the Government told me that contracts had resulted in outrageous enrichment in some cases and in impoverishment in other cases.

"Naturally," said he, "we are more able to rectify matters in the latter cases than in the former. It is simple enough to pay for honest work done at a loss; it is pretty difficult to reclaim exorbitant profits once they have been taken under contract terms."

These things are cited in the beginning to indicate that the question is not as simple as it seems.

Repeating what I had often said at home, I asked, "Why don't you fix the prices?"

"We do," was the reply, "and curiously enough that is where much of the trouble begins. We fix a good average price. The very efficiently managed mill can make, by reason of its efficiency, a large profit on the average price. The less efficiently managed mill makes less, indeed sometimes loses money. So that price-fixing is not the universal cure for profiteering. We must have the output of all the mills. We can't run them all ourselves—we have to enlist the experience of the men who have owned and operated them for years. It is a very complicated question."

"Then why don't you fix the rate of profit over cost?" I asked.

"That is worse than the other," was the answer, "for the reason

that some men will enhance the cost of production in order to increase the amount of their profit. If we say that we will give them 10 per cent on the cost of production, an honest man will produce the contract at a cost, say, of $50,000 and make a $5,000 profit. A dishonest man will recklessly boost his costs to $100,000, and that makes his profit $10,000. It is the same rule for both, but in one case it makes for rank profiteering."

EXPOSING THE GREEDY PROFITEER.

"Isn't it possible to get after those dishonest producers?" I asked.

"Certainly, and we are doing it. But we can't employ a force of men equal to an army in order to make citizens behave honestly toward the government. However, with such force as we have, we are doing much. Here is a case our agents uncovered"—and my informant cited the instance of a western firm which had been having a high old time at the expense of the government. In order to put up the costs and so increase the profits, the members of the firms and the heads of departments had doubled their salaries and treated themselves to the most expensive makes of automobiles, charging both to costs. They were making the government pay for the machines, and were collecting profit on the purchase price besides. They were raising their salaries and collecting a percentage on the increase. They are very crestfallen men today. They are working tooth and nail for the government, giving the highest value for the lowest consistent cost, hoping thereby to save hemselves if they can.

"That, of course, is a comparatively easy case," said my informant. "There are other cases far more subtle. But we now know what a just cost is, and we are not slow to investigate where costs rise. Sometimes it reveals human nature at its worst."

And that, indeed, is the secret of profiteering—human nature. One of my most assiduous quests was to discover if possible just what goes on in the mind of the profiteer. A dozen interviews brought many facts, but no psychology. At length I reached the highest source in this especial field, a source not usually attainable by interviewers, and there I found a man who had a mind to the psychology of the matter as well. That is usually the case; the higher you go, the more brains and insight.

Profiteering in these times which make it a sin against country and humanity is the product of the cash register type of mind. The commercial mind functions normally along lines of profit. Unless a counter-sentiment comes strongly enough to shock it into new channels, it simply goes on extracting profits. And it is not always stark avarice that leads to profiteering; it is often sheer habit.

It is sometimes possible to instil the higher sentiment into commanding commercial minds, and when this is done the results are revolutionary. I was given some instances of that, but really their characteristics are too similar to religious conversion to bear repetition here.

HOW ONE PROFITEER WAS CURED.

However, in one instance I am not indebted to government sources for my information; I met the man and he talked enough to indicate his case. He is a New Yorker. He had just completed a $500,000 contract for the government, and his profit on that half a million dollars worth of business was just one per cent. It is not the first government contract he has had, but it is the first on which he has not made a fat profit.

What is the explanation? You will discover it if you look at the left lapel of his coat. You will see there a pin bearing a service star.

His boy, who was growing up in the business, came home one night and said:

"Dad, I've been feeling like a rotter for weeks. We've been getting a rake-off on this war and we've been feeling pretty patriotic because we have been making safe investments in Liberty Bonds. On the way home from the office this afternoon I stepped into the Navy office and enlisted. I'm going Wednesday."

He was an only son, the heir of the business. The father, to hide his emotion, grew needlessly profane as he sat there in the dusk telling me the story. But there is one less profiteer in the land. He can't make money out of his boy's blood. He can't overcharge the government to whom his boy has given what money could not buy.

Of course, there is profiteering still going on, but here is the startling fact: the people are being more mercilessly exploited through the channels of ordinary trade than is the government through war contracts. I shall return to that in a moment.

The heads of the War and Navy departments told me that they had control of profiteering in their departments. The Department of Justice told me that they had it on the run. The Secret Service is prying it out of hidden corners. It is being made the most hideous form of unpopularity in the land. The greedy profiteer is abhorred in Washington. It will sometimes be granted that a pro-German is honest; it is always granted that a pro-German is entitled to the consideration which the law awards him. But the profiteer is outside the pale. He is scum. The President has denounced him. The Cabinet has denounced him. Army and Naval officers have excoriated him. The soldier and the soldier's kin loathe him. There is no defense for him anywhere. No matter who or what he is, he has neither past influence, wealth or power enough to gain him a shred of respect.

AMERICAN BUSINESS TWO-THIRDS PATRIOTIC.

A Cabinet member told me that two-thirds of American manufacturers are patriotic and "one-third are overcome by the business instinct." This Cabinet member has curbed profiteering in his department by saying to the manufacturer:

"You make this article, and we'll adjust the price later. I will send a man down to your place to study your processes and see what it ought to cost."

This man has reduced the price of steel, powder and cotton to the government. Under his pressure cotton prices have gone down 20 per cent. He aims at a 30 per cent reduction. When he says that he has profiteering "pretty largely under control," the facts seem to confirm his statement.

I was told that "no one is getting what he was getting when war broke out," the reductions have been so swift and general.

The excess profits tax is a good thing for the man who refuses to make excess profits. Otherwise they are a bad thing for the public, because the public pays them. In 1916, United States Steel made $250,000,000. In 1917, $400,000,000. The payment of the excess profits tax still left them with as much as they had in 1916. The public paid the difference. In a roundabout way the government got it at last.

The fixing of maximum prices throughout the country has had one good effect—it has halted the wild upward flight of prices, and has stabilized the runaway market. But it has had another effect: the maximum price fixed by the Government usually becomes the minimum price charged by the dealer. Coal is the one notable exception to this rule. Zinc has been sold below cost since we went to war.

One difficulty in fixing prices is this: it may cost a certain amount to

produce a given article today, but the firm producing it may have lost or invested $5,000,000 in getting to the point where it can produce at the present cost. Ought the price to be fixed so that five years of experiment and loss can be realized upon? One shipbuilding company's profits have jumped from 5 per cent to 70 per cent in a year, but for ten years the company had sunk million after million with no returns. Ought that fact to be considered in fixing prices? There is a haunting fear amongst some business men that the vast investments they have made to accommodate the needs of the government will be dead losses when war ends. And yet, other men, in this position, say—"It's all right; if we lose, that's our contribution to the war." There was one firm in the United States producing a certain instrument. It could easily supply the entire nation's needs in time of peace. But its whole output at top speed was only 5 per cent of the war needs of the government. War has compelled the erection of 15 plants producing an article for which there will be an infinitesimal market after the war. Ought the price to be fixed to cover that condition?

These are a few of the questions which will enable any one to understand that the problem is not a simple one.

On the whole, there has been more talk about profiteering on government contracts than there has been actual profiteering. The brighter side of the matter is the host of American business men who have literally said to the government: "Take everything I've got. Command every ounce of experience and energy I have. I don't want any war profit. You fix the compensation."

The attitude of the government is illustrated in a placard it puts out. At the top is the picture of an American boy in trench helmet crouching behind a barbed wire entanglement, and the legend reads:

"Manufacturer: Before you fix that price—
Dealer: Before you add that extra profit—
Workman: Before you strike—ask yourself—
IS THIS MY BOY?"

THE PEACE PROFITEER IS WORST.

The most startling discovery one makes is that profiteering isn't peculiar to war at all. War simply showed it up. The light of national sacrifice simply revealed the hideous character of profiteering. The American people have been victims of profiteers for years. When the recent reports of the Federal Trade Commission exposed the enormous increase in the profits of the packing industry, many people jumped to the conclusion that it represented the war profit which the meat packers were making out of government war orders. But the bulk of it came out of the people in their daily buying. Our whole commercial system is shot through with sheer profiteering. I am not saying that. Conservative men, themselves drafted into public service from business life, who would much rather say something else, say it. They are where they can see it, and they know.

The Alien Property Custodian takes over great German controlled industries supplying the American people in staple articles, and what does he find? A 6 per cent profit divided amongst stockholders, and $4,000,000 divided between 12 executives.

The Botany Worsted Mills, of Passaic, N. J., did a $28,000,000 business under its German owners the year before the war, of which $7,000,000 was profit.

A certain industry in this country admitted that in the last three years it had paid out $1,400,000 in "sweetening" purchasing agents who bought its goods for the firms they represented. The people paid that.

How was this fact discovered? Very easily. The Government is more alarmed about the profiteering being practiced among the people than about profiteering practiced upon itself. The Government has taken care of itself in that respect, now it wants to take care of the people. It is uncovering a mass of information that makes the war profiteer look like a piker. The peace profiteer is the real artist in the business. So the Government is looking into various businesses necessary to the people, and it is finding a number of rotten things. It is getting to the bottom of false and misleading advertising. Several nationally known firms have had to change their advertising recently. It discovered that the trouble with the price of silk, which is originally bought by weight, is that it is soaked in a solution of tin to make it weigh more heavily and to render it brittle so that it will break and render a new purchase necessary, and so "speed up business." And in the course of time it came to the question of commercial bribery noted above.

The controlling representatives in many lines of business have been on the carpet in Washington before the Federal Trade Commission. There have been many pleas and protests: men have said that their practices, though wrong, were so well established that no business could be done without them. The representatives of the Government have consistently maintained in every case that the morally right course could never prove disastrous, and thus far the facts sustain them in this. Trade has been started out on the new line, and has come to like it after becoming accustomed to it.

In the case of commercial bribery, in the line of business noted above, the case was different. The system of bribery started by the manufacturers had become so costly, and the bribed clientele were becoming so predatory, that the leaders of the industry were glad to have the Government step in and save them from the practice they had established.

CLEANING UP AMERICAN BUSINESS.

In buying the enormous quantities of supplies required for the army, the Government has discovered scores of commercial tricks that have become time-honored and have been practiced on the people for generations. The Government is eliminating these, and the public will benefit. Business in America from now on, and especially after the war, is going to be cleaner than it has ever been. The changes being wrought really approximate the results that might be expected of a social revolution.

The real question of profiteering isn't here in Washington; it is back in every city in the land. The profiteer, consciously or not, is of alien spirit. He arouses discontent amongst the people. Indirectly he aids the enemy. He must be curbed wherever found.

"Why don't they put these big profiteers in jail, instead of calling them on the carpet and correcting them?"

For three reasons: First, the law is not that drastic as yet; second, these big producers are needed on the job; third, the present system is working like a charm.

Arrest a man for practicing these time-honored methods of the gentle art of profiteering, and you must try him before a jury of his peers, in his own home district. He is usually willing to give up the practice the moment a Government official points it out to him: it is possible he has never seen it in the moral and universal light before. But if you try to stain his name and dishonor his family by throwing him into a cell, he is going to fight you with all his millions and perhaps beat you in court. He will stop if you tell him; but he will fight

to the end to avoid the disgrace of jail. If the desired object can be achieved the easier way, if the man can be kept at work producing for the Government and will institute a juster method of dealing with the people—especially in cases where the community has never looked upon his practices as a crime—isn't the more effective way the better way? The Government is achieving without law, by mere exposure, advice and insistence, what it could not achieve in a long time, and never without stubborn fights, by criminal law.

And the men thus called in and admonished become auxiliary agents of the movement. A man goes home from Washington and institutes the new method proposed by the Government. In a few weeks he notices that his nearest competitor is going on in the same old way. He writes to Washington: "Didn't you advise Mr. So-and-So about the undesirability of the practice you talked to me about? I notice he is still going on in the old way." And thus the whole industry is cleaned up. Indeed, so much of the work comes this way that it keeps the Federal Trade Commission quite busy.

"You must cease and desist," is what the Government says. And they do.

That is why I said that profiteering has entirely changed its character: it isn't a Government plague exclusively nor even largely now; it becomes daily less of a Government problem. The "fly-by-nights" as the secret service men call contract brokers—the worst type that has appeared, men without capital or experience—are being drastically cleaned out. Indeed, it may be said they have entirely disappeared.

At the beginning of the war only one thing was essential—Production. The Government could not delay matters by haggling about prices. But, with production begun, with all the wheels whirring, with the stream of supplies pouring out, the Government could then return to the secondary matter of prices. Money was never a cause of anxiety; the Government could always tax the profits so heavily as to render them not worth the gathering; but production was absolutely vital. Both matters are now adjusted.

If you want to see a profiteer, don't come to Washington. Look at home. If you find him, the Government will help you get rid of him.

The Secretary of War at Close Range

WASHINGTON, Aug. 6.—The Secretary of War consented to receive me at a most interesting moment. The American drive in France was at its height. Excited throngs crowded around every bulletin board. High officials of the Government whose sons are at the front forgot their station for the moment and became only anxious fathers, haunting the sources of information to learn if perchance a dear name had appeared in the lists.

The outer office of the Secretary was filled with men waiting to see him. There were staff officers, representatives of foreign governments, United States Senators, and certain men in uniform who quietly came and went. The big room was very quiet, with an air of suppressed excitement. Some of us beguiled the time by surveying the mementoes gathered there—the flag that draped Lincoln't coffin, the flag that floated over Sumter, the swords of great generals and the painted portraits of the Secretaries of War for the last century. It is an ornate room, crowded with associations and replete with history. And now it was seeing more history made than had been crowded into the whole previous term of the nation's life.

Suddenly an inner door opened, and a slim man of short stature appeared, stepping lithely forward. The eyes behind the shining pince-nez made a swift survey of the room. He approached this man and that, disposing of their errands quickly, but without haste. He had none of the air of getting rid of people, but only of turning his mind immediately to their business and dispatching it. Presently he was hearing that a Detroit News representative was studying the War Department and would like to make a survey of the Secretary of War —would it be at all possible?—the Secretary was a very busy man, of course, but any courtesy, quite at the Secretary's convenience, would be deeply appreciated.

From the standpoint of time, it was quite possible, the Secretary was saying, but from the standpoint of policy— However, it was soon arranged that at 10 o'clock on the morrow I should be shown into the inner sanctum of the Secretary of War.

The appointed hour found the Secretary closeted with the Chief of Staff, but word soon came through that the Detroit visitor would be received. Two rooms beyond the waiting room is the sanctum of the Secretary. It is a small room, as Washington Government offices go, and the plainest of them all, except the President's, although it lacks the quiet dignity of the President's office. An old oil portrait of George Washington, as first commander-in-chief of the American Armies; another of Henry Knox, the first Secretary of War; an autographed photograph of Brand Whitlock, American Minister to Belgium, a desk and table heaped with documents, and a few chairs—these complete its furnishing and ornamentation. The telephone is not on the desk, but when the bell tinkles Secretary Baker must needs rise and go to a phone table in the corner. Needless to say, that bell does not tinkle except in important matters; the offices of the White House, it may be. For inter-departmental conversations the Secretary uses a speaking device on his desk.

THE SECRETARY OF WAR LIGHTS HIS PIPE.

In his office, Newton D. Baker is a most frank and direct conversationalist. It being an hour taken out of the midst of a busy morn-

ing, he permitted himself to relax, filled and lighted his pipe and allowed his legs to find the top of a convenient table. As his answers to my questions brought him to greater animation of manner, his feet came to the floor again, and his pipe was removed to permit a flow of perfectly chosen words. As everyone knows who has read the report of Secretary Baker's testimony at the hearing held by the Senate committee, he is in command of the choicest extempore literary expressions. He approximates the President in this respect.

It was understood that I was not to attempt to quote his words, but there were no restrictions placed on the topics of conversation. Naturally, I wanted to know a number of things, and in no instance did the Secretary of War return a refusal or an evasive answer. The impression I received of him was of a courageous type of mind buckled to a task of extraordinary difficulty and complexity, and swinging it with a confident sense of mastery. But there was a singular lack of personal pride in the Secretary; the mastery was mingled with a wholly unconscious and natural modesty—not the sort of modesty which would deter its possessor from tackling big tasks, else Mr. Baker would not have accepted the war portfolio in such critical times as marked his appointment, but the sort of modesty which would ever prevent him from considering his achievement as of extraordinary merit.

DOMINANT BUT NOT DOMINEERING.

I had heard of a different impression received of Secretary Baker. I had heard him described as "cocksure." Certainly he is not hesitant nor apologetic; no man in his position could be. He possesses strength and a large degree of mastery—he simply must possess these to remain where he is. More and more, here in Washington, one comes to feel that the man whom the President retains in a cabinet position must fill the office, or he does not stay. And while Secretary Baker is dominant, he is not domineering; he does not invade nor overbear another's mental province. He is always seeking the best way, and he follows it where he finds it, whether it originates with himself or a competent subordinate.

It was, as I have said, a dramatic moment in the Americans' part in the war. Through a little door on the other side of the room came messages directly from the battlefield. The day was well advanced in France, and it was a day of glory, a day whose luster can not die.

The reader will do well to refrain from believing that it is only my personal enthusiasm that leads me to say that the whole complexion of the war was changing; in a very expressive phrase, which is not my own, the complexion of the Allies had changed from an anemic white to a glowing wholesome pink, and events were transpiring whose effect on the struggle will be epochal. It was simply impossible to contemplate the deeds of the Americans, and what was transpiring amongst the German armies, without the thrill which comes from the consciousness of living and being in touch, at least physically, with a high moment in human history.

The man who sat there, so apparently calm in his chair, was indeed in a state of suppressed emotion. There was nothing in his demeanor to indicate it, but such, nevertheless, was the fact. The public knew much; he knew much more. Moreover, his knowledge extended to both sides of the struggle. He KNEW. And knowing, he could not but feel, and very deeply. Lest there should be possibility of misinterpretation in what I have written, let me add that there was nothing in the complete knowledge of the situation that could temper the public joy. It would be rather enhanced.

THE SECRETARY'S PIPE GOES OUT.

The pipe went out soon after it was lighted; only a few puffs had been taken, and it was not relit. I was interested to know what were the Secretary's feelings during the period when public criticism fell upon him so unsparingly. It is a hobby of mine that if we can know how a man takes adversity, we have a clear clue to his character. I found the Secretary absolutely removed from any personal resentment toward the criticism that had been visited on him, even when it was palpably and unfairly personal. He knew that it was inevitable that some things should go wrong in so new and vast an undertaking as his Department was charged with; he knew that it was humanly impossible, with the comparatively few military men of experience whom he had at his disposal, to achieve the colossal task of preparing for, calling and training millions of men, without somewhere a degree of hardship, delay and even failure appearing. The country now knows, of course, that the surprising fact is that so few of these untoward things occurred.

Secretary Baker searched the criticism thoroughly for helpful suggestions. With the entire country applying its mind to the problem, he felt that somewhere a suggestion of merit would appear, and when it did he profited by it. If he regretted anything in the storm that assailed him, it was the assumption, the unfounded assumption that the attitude—the basic and determined attitude, of the War Department was responsible for any delay or hardship that had occurred. There is a vast difference between mistakes that occur through inexperience or insufficient equipment, and mistakes that inhere in the very attitude of the directors of an enterprise; the former can be corrected, but the latter have their roots very deep.

AS WHEN A FOG LIFTS.

And yet one day—it was the day the Secretary's complete and illuminating statement went to the country—the atmosphere palpably changed, as when a fog lifts or the sun shines after a storm. The change was entirely psychic, and yet so sudden, so immediate and extensive, as to be almost tangible. A complete change in the War Department would not have been comparable with it. The Secretary has not been able satisfactorily to analyze it for himself. It came in the line of duty, just as the criticism and antagonism had come. He had simply stated the fact, the barest fact, without defense against criticism, without recrimination upon his detractors. And the fact won.

That is another element in Secretary Baker's psychology. In common with the Wilson Administration, he has a dominant quality of practical idealism. He is an idealist on the human side with a heavy balance of realism on the executive side. He has an extraordinary reverence for the Fact, so real a reverence as to rquire that the word be capitalized. And yet he knows that facts sometimes obscure the Truth, and that is where his saving idealism comes in.

BEARING A HEAVY BURDEN.

Secretary Baker is bearing a great burden, and is not sparing himself. He seems to be aware that, if necessary, he must wear himself out, and then his successor must wear himself out, and whoever holds the office must continue to give and give without stint until the war is won. In that, the Secretary shares the soldier's spirit. All that matters is that he discharge his duty at the top of his power, as long and as wisely as he can. His personal fate is as nothing compared with the great task which must be rolled forward to completion.

To this end his working day is a long one. Daylight hours are filled with conferences. Until 11 o'clock the Secretary sees the chiefs of staff and bureau chiefs. From 11 until 12 he sees people by appointment. He lunches at his desk. The afternoon is devoted to a variety of business. This is the schedule, so to speak. As a matter of fact it is broken in upon at all points. War business, with its unexpectedness and insistence is very indifferent to office schedules. Thus it happens that the night lights burn long in the Secretary's office, and the important subordinates of the Department are always on call.

Secretary Baker reserves the night hours for what is in some respects the hardest work of all, the reading of court-martial reports and the making of his recommendations thereon. He holds the fate of officers and men in his hands, and his recommendations to the President usually determine the discipline to be administered.

It is not easy to sit through the night hours weighing matters that affect men's careers unalterably. The Secretary is scrupulously careful that haste or insufficient proof shall not result in injustice. And yet he is sometimes compelled by the necessities of the Army itself to approve sentences that destroy young officers' desire to see service in France, and to dismiss them from the Army. If those affected could see the painstaking search which the Secretary makes to ascertain that all the court-martial proceedings and findings have been right and regular, they would be impressed by the profound conscientiousness and humane consideration which governs the actions of the chief of the War Department.

And when this is done, and the hours of sleep have passed, the same long grind of work marks the new day. Sunday is scarcely an exception, for war is not a Sabbatarian.

A VITAL, INCISIVE, CAPABLE MAN.

And yet the Secretary of War, though naturally pale of countenance, gives every indication of unexhausted vitality. He is bright of eye, alert of movement, incisive in speech, all betokening a smoothly functioning body and mind. Often a busy man who is quite competent to carry and discharge heavy duties, is irritated by requests such as mine was. To indulge in mere conversation seems a waste, and the very thought of it brings friction to the mind. But the ease with which Secretary Baker turned from work to our conversation, and at its completion was ready for the stress of work again, bespoke a well-controlled mind. He did not consider it an irritating interruption to be asked to do a favor for a strange newspaper man.

The War Department is the most silent of all departments of the Government, except perhaps the Department of State. And yet Secretary Baker's inclination is toward giving the people all the information it is safe to give. But military necessity hedges him on all sides. And I think the interview he accorded me was a sign that he has not forgotten that the people like to have a glimpse now and then of their more notable public servants.

Some Achievements of the Army

WASHINGTON, Aug. 7.—The American Army has spoken for itself. The articles to follow are an attempt to give a general view of the achievements of the War Department.

It is probable that the readers of this series will note an important omission. There will be no article devoted to the airplane activities of the United States. Very good reasons exist for this omission, and they are not of a character to reflect unfavorably on the Government's achievements in that department.

On the contrary, a most thrilling story could be told—if it could be told. But it seems to be best, for the present, that it be left untold. The impression is that too much has been said already and that a grand tactical error was made in the beginning when our airplane program was thrown broadcast for all the world to read. The Government is quite well satisfied with the present silence, even if it means that in many quarters our airplane program is believed to have failed. Such a state of opinion serves the Government's main purpose as well as any other could. The principal desideratum in this matter at this time is silence.

And yet it is possible to indicate a few facts which ought to reassure the anxious citizen. The figures I shall give are several months old, and it cannot be indicated how much they have changed in the intervening time.

When we declared war, our total aeronautic force comprised 65 officers and 1,120 men. A little time ago the force comprised 160,000 officers and men.

In April, 1917, at the declaration of war, we had three flying fields. We now have 28, with more preparing.

We had, some time ago, 5,000 aviators who had completed their training, 7,000 who were in process of training, and 4,000 who were awaiting training.

Our aviators flew 3,000 hours a day, which is 195,000 miles a day, or eight times around the earth.

In 1917, when we went to war, we had 300 planes. Some months ago we had about 7,000 planes, and there were American airplane squadrons over the lines in numbers that would fill every American breast with pride.

AN AMERICAN MONTH EQUALS A EUROPEAN YEAR.

As a sidelight on our production capacity, consider this fact: England, with her perfect war organization and four years of war experience can turn out in a year only as many Rolls-Royce airplane motors as the United States is now turning out in one month. The Liberty motor is the crux of the airplane situation, and the United States is dominant in that particular field. England, Italy and France are clamoring for the Liberty motor, and it will be the one motor of the war.

We can produce them 20 times faster than they will ever be needed, and we are producing them faster than all the Allies combined are producing their types of engines after four years of experience. The explanation is the American method of quantity production.

We have been only a year in the war, and yet these are the facts, given with much understatement. Our program was so big that it took time to start. It takes longer to get a battleship under way than

a motor boat. It takes longer to make a cannon than a toy pistol. But the battleship and cannon achieve more than motor boat or toy pistol. We went in on a big scale. The very weight of it made the beginning slow. But we are achieving a momentum that all the world can not stop.

If the people could see some of our big battle-planes—veritable dreadnaughts of the air—with their diversified armament, their aerial artillery, their invincible power, there would be no question as to where we stand in this matter.

THE ERA OF EXPERIMENT IS PAST.

The airplane productive forces have got their stride. The mistakes and delays that have occurred will show no moral turpitude, but only the difficulties incident to a new and colossal task. And when the people of the United States see American battle planes crossing the Atlantic ocean in long lines under their own power, they will know that the nation has achieved its purpose.

As this article is being written an article appears in a weekly magazine wherein Orville Wright is quoted as doubting the attainment of 125 miles an hour in the air, and saying that it is hard to believe aviators' estimates of speed because they are usually mistaken. That is all very well, but scientific instruments are not mistaken, and naturally the Government does not depend on aviators' guesses for its facts. There is being attained 150 miles an hour in this country, and not by show aviators either, and not in show machines.

So, in the absence of a special airplane story at this stage of the series let these facts serve to indicate what the entire airplane story would be like if it were released.

Having come thus far by the help of statistics, it may be of interest to continue with them to the end of the chapter. Indeed, in attempting to give an idea of the vast achievements of the War Department, statistics are the only possible medium. But they are not mere cold figures; they are vital, they pulsate with life.

By this time a sufficient number of Americans have come in touch with war to enable all of us to realize that the units which make up statistics are themselves vitally connected with human beings.

When the United States declared war, it had an army of 9,524 officers and 145,493 men.

On June 15, we had 10,750,000 men registered for military service, an army of 2,010,000 men under arms, in addition to which were 202,510 officers, and we had an army of more than One Million Men in France. All of this army and 19-20ths of the officer personnel had to be manufactured out of the most militarily inexperienced civilians to be found on earth.

U. S. MADE GOOD FROM THE FIRST.

And these things were accomplished not only one year after we had entered the war, but in NINE MONTHS after the first National Army training camp opened its gates.

Several months ago there were sufficient rifles on hand for 2,000,000 men, INCLUDING A YEAR OF WAR WASTAGE! Of the new model of rifle 1,000,000 had been produced up to a date two months ago, and production was proceeding then—it has been increased since—at the rate of 50,000 a week.

At that same date two months ago 30,000 machine guns had been completed, and 350,000 were on order. Of course the number completed will be much more than 30,000 when this article appears. Be-

sides there is the wonderful powderless centrifugal gun which fires 16,000 shots a minute, and which is giving astounding results in the tests being conducted in secret places round about the Capital.

There are 16 new plants producing cannon in this country, and more are in process of construction.

Four new shell factories are under operation, in addition to those which existed before.

In April, 1917, there were 37 steel shipyards in the United States. Today there are 72. And in the original 37 yards, the shipways have been increased from 162 to 195.

In April, 1917, we had 24 wooden shipyards; in the same month a year later, 80.

In all there are 162 shipbuilding plants in the United States, including the largest and most complete in the world.

One section of the War Department—the Ordnance—, it is—employs 7,500 civilians, so greatly has the pressure of business increased, and is doing business with 3,300 firms.

The lumber used in the Cantonments would make a wide sidewalk four times around the world. It was all cut from the forests, made into building material, transported to 90 points in the country, and put into cities that housed 40,000 men each—and was done in a space of FOUR MONTHS after the declaration of war.

The Cantonments now built—and more are being created all the time—would house the populations of Arizona, Delaware, Nevada, Wyoming and Alaska.

To supply the war organization now in France, the equivalent of a standard freight train in each direction every 25 minutes is necessary.

Aside from having to equip a new harbor, build Cantonments, hospitals and supply depots in France, we have had to construct 900 miles of new railroad, every rail, and brace and spike of which was made in and transported from the United States. American engineers got the ties by cutting down French forests.

THE BEST SUPPLIED ARMY ON EARTH.

A 90-day supply of food always is kept on hand for the army in France. This is in addition to the emergency rations. A 30-day supply goes with each ship load of troops. In reality there is always from 98 to 100 days' food supply at the American depots in France, and it is said these depots are so carefully located that no possible misfortune of war can throw them into the hands of the enemy.

A troop transport served 210,000 meals on a recent trip across, and delivered 3,750 tons of food at the port of disembarkation.

It is utterly impossible to conceive the magnitude of the achievements of the Government. Any single item is nearly impossible of realization.

Can you imagine a laundry basket containing 6,057,857 pieces of washing?

Can you imagine a little cobbling job involving the repair of 907,466 pairs of shoes?

And then there is the work to be done in spare hours during August—the delivery of 1,000,000 of the $50 Liberty Bonds of the second issue, subscribed for, and now paid for, by soldiers in training in the United States. It is a great army that gives itself, and then gives $50,000,000 toward the support of the war! Where could it happen save in America?

Can you imagine a little economy feature like this?—maybe some day you will discover that your favorite perfumed glycerine soap can not be bought, and then you may think of this little story:

When the Army gets hold of a large lot of glycerine soap, it extracts the glycerine and the 15 per cent of sugar which it contains, and leaves the soap! The glycerine goes into explosives; the sugar is a food. Maybe we shall have to leave off washing our faces in food and explosives material for a while.

The Army is going to extract some of the tricks from American business, and it is going to do wonders for the common consumer. Take the housewife who buys dried fruit, as an example. She is buying 50 per cent steam and 50 per cent fruit pulp.

When fruits are dried to preserve them, they are steamed again to make them puffier and heavier for selling. The wholesaler buys them dry and light and sells them wet and heavy. It is a worse hoax than filling cattle with water before the weighing. Well, the Army has got on to that little trick.

It gets dry weight and no more.

Besides, dryness is a preventive against spoilage and worms.

THE ARMY IS A CAREFUL BUYER.

The Army is going to teach American business a lesson in packing shipments, too. The marvels of our transport, in the face of depleted shipping facilities, is partly accounted for by Army methods of packing. Tonnage is kept down by the discarding of the packing box and case wherever possible.

Clothing and blankets are compressed under machines and then burlapped, thus saving cargo space and lumber. There is no breakage in burlap. Moreover, all the stevedores "over there" being women, the burlap packages are more easily handled. Can you make a mental picture of French women serving as dock wallopers to get food and supplies to the American boys?

The Army knows economy. It has lately saved 30,000,000-ton miles for New England alone by the order which prohibits the use of anthracite coal south of Washington and west of Pittsburgh—not to speak of the money thus saved.

It means that the Army is doing its best to let the people have coal next winter.

FILLING THE SOLDIERS' LARDER.

But the tale is endless, the facts simply staggering. I close with a point that I know all parents of soldiers to be interested in. When in camp, no question came oftener to me than this: "Do the soldiers get good food and plenty of it?"

Of course they did. I knew they did, because I lived on it. But as I was passing out of the Quartermaster's Department one day I saw this list publicly posted for bids. It indicates the quantity and variety of the food supply of the men in France:

Bacon, 1,336,935 pounds. Corned beef, 150,000 cans. Corn flour, 112,000 pounds. Blackberry jam, 31,961 pounds. Coffee, 10,000 pounds. Tea, 250,000 pounds. Butter, 456,330 pounds. Flavoring extracts, 145,000 bottles. Chocolate, 96,000 pounds. Cheese, 260,000 pounds. Candy sticks, 9,500 cans. Ginger ale, 50,000 packages. Macaroni, 55,000 pounds. Molasses, 50,000 pounds. Mince meat, 2,600 cans. Olives, 2,800 cans. Oysters, 11,000 cans.

And in addition to scores of staples there were pickles, sausages, shrimps, spinach, corn starch, gelatin, fish, hominy, beef extract, ham and many more things I had no time to copy.

Some grocery order for one day!—but then, your Uncle Sam has a large and hearty family, and he takes good care of them.

There were also such orders as 40,000,000 pairs of shoes, 2,000,000 pairs of rubber hip boots, and 47,000,000 undershirts on the books.

After I had dug out these facts and many more, I found my feelings adequately interpreted by a placard an exuberant subordinate of the War Department had stuck up in his busy little office. It was just the right combination of fact, pride and pardonable boastfulness. It read:

"'It Can't Be Done—But Here It Is.'"

The Man Who Made the Selective Draft

WASHINGTON, Aug. 8.—Perhaps no Army officer's name, except Pershing's, is so widely known amongst Americans as that of Maj.-Gen. Enoch H. Crowder. This is by no means due to the military achievements or personal qualities of Gen. Crowder, but is entirely accounted for by the new relations which the war made necessary between the people of the United States and their military organization.

When the people, through their representatives, elected to form themselves into the Army of Democracy, some orderly method had to be devised for registering, selecting and inducting them into the service, and the man who prepared these paths and opened these doors was the Provost Marshal General of the United States. His office was, as it were, the gateway through which the civilian passed to military service.

It was Gen. Crowder who appointed and directed the registration boards with their various medical and other assistants. It was he who arranged the intricate numbering system and supervised the making of the call for men. Ultimately, into 10,750,000 American homes the name Crowder came with the authority of the United States behind it; families by the thousand viewing it with a certain dread; young men by the thousands hailing it with the superb joy of adventurous youth.

It was in some senses a terrible responsibility to place on one individual's name. To the short-sighted and antagonistic the thought came that "this was Crowder's doings." It is no reflection on the loyalty of the more domestic members of American families, those who believed their country right but dreaded the stern issue of war as it might touch their families, to say that the signature, "Enoch H. Crowder, Provost Marshal General," stood out in an ominous light.

That is to say, everyone knew the name; few knew the man. They saw his picture in the papers, he typified to them the power they had delegated to their civil and military leaders, but as to what manner of person he was and how he came to be assigned to the simply colossal task that was laid upon him, few knew. Indeed, few know now.

It is not the purpose of this article to describe the selective draft. We are too close to it to be able fully to realize its historic import. Only by exercising an act of will and returning ourselves to the state of mind which all the associations of the word "conscript" awakened in us five years ago, can we even dimly realize the tremendous decision the American people made when they consented to the war and the draft.

The draft was implied in any war undertaken under modern conditions. It was not the act of the Government going out and taking citizens by force; it was the act of citizens themselves, choosing and sending men for the common defense; and in the fairest way, and most business-like way, instituting a rule of universal service from which neither wealth nor social position, influence nor any purely personal excuse could exempt a man.

THE FAIREST WAY TO RAISE AN ARMY.

In Civil War times the ability to raise a few hundred dollars exempted a man from military service. But we have lived to see millionaires sleeping on iron cots, day laborers their bunkies; we have lived to see social favorites on the drill fields, dock wallopers their next in line; we have lived to see the mechanic's son commanding the

statesman's son in the ranks—the fairest, most successful, most democratic mode of raising an army ever adopted.

Only a democracy could have done it. The draft, be it said, proved our democracy by an acid test.

But did you ever speculate on the chances the draft had of failing? No matter how perfectly it had been devised, it assuredly would have failed if the people had not wanted it. But wanting it as they did, willingly abiding by its method, the draft still had 1,000 chances to fail because of the vastness of the work and the vaster inexperience of America in such matters.

Odium or credit?—which was it to be for this name "Crowder" that had become so ubiquitous in the land?

Be sure that one man was keenly alive to all the possibilities, and he was the man who bore that name.

WHO IS THIS CREATOR OF ARMIES?

Who is he? How did he know just what to do? Where did he learn the intricacies of the selective draft? By intricacies I mean, of course, the problems which he met; the operation of the draft itself, like all great things, is simple.

And that is the story. When you know it you will be grateful that there was a Crowder in the country at the nick of time.

It ought to be obvious to you, however, that Gen. Crowder's knowledge was not assembled in a night. And yet it must be equally obvious that there has never been in the term of his military experience a draft on which he could practice. He was 2 years old when the Civil War began.

I am not writing this story with Gen. Crowder's consent. He is a modest man. Congress wanted to make him a lieutenant-general a few weeks ago, in recognition of his work, but he refused; he said the greater part of the credit was due to the draft boards who worked with him. That was no grandstand play; it was characteristic of the man.

It would be extremely difficult to gain his consent to a story about himself, and I did not press him so hard as to bring down a flat prohibition. I had my facts before I went to him. I only wanted to know whether I was misinformed. The story I put up to him was the barest skeleton of what appears here, with every shred of purely personal matter stripped off. People who know him best supplied the flesh and blood of it.

Maj.-Gen. Crowder is aware, I think, of the delicacy of his relation to American homes. He it is who stands, figuratively speaking, at the door of the home and says to the young man, "Your place is ready now." The young man has been waiting with a good deal of eager excitement for his coming, but there are folks in the background who had never expected to live through that experience.

Aside from his natural disinclination to publicity, I think this is the reason Gen. Crowder would much rather not be exploited in the public prints. His name has stood at the doors of so many homes, his coming has meant so much in so many different ways, that I think he feels that something like a sacred silence should be observed regarding it.

He and the boys have gone out together from the doors of millions of homes; if praise is to be bestowed he would rather have it go to the boys. He was a soldier doing the duty the people had laid on him; they were young civilians changing their lives for their country's sake—I am sure he would have the public think of them, and of himself not at all.

This would be affectation in some men; it is Gen. Crowder's nature. He is a human sort of a man. He wishes to be courteous to everybody and he usually succeeds, though often against odds. And so far from being an ogre invading the homes and lives of Americans, he has lived through 10,000,000 men's experiences, and the sensitive surface of his heart has not been worn hard. I thoroughly believe that.

HOW DID HE DO IT?

But how was he able to organize the draft—a thing that had never been done before? How did it happen that at the precise moment of time the man who could do the job was there, in the War Department, ready to do it? An enemy might answer: "Why, the United States Government was preparing for this all the time. All it had to do was to go to a pigeon-hole and take out the plans." Such an answer would not be true. It is true, however, that one officer happened to know how to proceed.

We are going to believe in destiny after the war—just as we now look back and believe that Lincoln was a man of destiny, and just as we all believe that a Higher Power has control of the destinies of the Republic. And I have thought that Enoch H. Crowder is a man of destiny, preparing through long and arduous and obscure years, and appearing after 36 years of fairly commonplace military life in the precise position to do the precise work the nation in its emergency called for.

I have reason to believe that Gen. Crowder would not indorse this view of himself as a man of destiny. It doesn't appeal to him at all. But let me tell the story, that the reader may draw his own conclusion.

Thirty-seven years ago, Enoch Herbert Crowder, a Missouri youth, graduated from West Point at the age of 22. Five years later he took his law degree at the University of Missouri. His military life began, as most young officers' did, on the plains of the West. They say he was not a robust man, and he does not appear to be robust even now. Perhaps it was that, but more likely it was his cast of mind, that led him to enter upon a studious existence at his lonely frontier post, instead of amusing himself racing horses and playing cards.

DESTINY KNOCKS AT THE DOOR.

At any rate, while stationed at Standing Rock, North Dakota, he found an old, dust-covered, time-stained Government publication—one of those numerous books the Government prints and few people read—which contained perhaps the driest reading in the world, from the standpoint of a young officer on the frontier.

It was a report of the Provost Marshal, who held that rank during the Civil War. In it he had written the devices he had tried in the drafts of those times, wherein they had succeeded and wherein they had failed, and being an enthusiast in that remote field, he had added a study of the draft systems of the world.

This book fascinated the young officer. His mind hooked itself to the subject. He lived with the book, slept with it, and digested every morsel of its information. Of course it was of no "practical use" to him. The war was over; the volunteer system was what our people swore by; all talk of drafts was ancient history.

Nevertheless, with only a student's interest in the subject, and with a peculiarly sympathetic insight into the old dead-and-gone Provost Marshal's difficulties, which had been so laboriously written out and so unceremoniously tossed into the rubbish corners of a hundred army posts, young Crowder could not rid his mind of the matter.

He has that book yet. There may be a copy of it in the Congressional Library. There may be a few lying lost in undisturbed garrets throughout the country. But at least one copy is valued, and that is Gen. Crowder's. He never lets it get beyond his reach; perhaps it would be more accurate to say that he never lets it get within anybody else's reach.

THE RIGHT MAN IN THE NICK OF TIME.

That was years ago. When the war came, when it became imperative to mobilize the largest army of the most carefully selected material in the shortest period of time, who was there to do it? Only one post in the army had such a task amongst its stated duties, and that was the Provost Marshal's post. And it so happened that the young officer who had made the mobilization of civilians his specialty was the very man who had come through stage after stage—from a lieutenant of cavalry, through judge advocate of the army, through Secretary of State and Justice for Cuba—to the office of Provost Marshal General of the United States. The discovery of the man who knew most about such affairs and his appointment to his present post were almost coincident, and with both came the imperative need of the country.

Now, that may not be Destiny. Gen. Crowder and I, without doubt, disagree on that point. But if there is any other adequate name for it, it has failed thus far to suggest itself. At least one man is going to continue to believe that decades ago the Destiny that has always sent fit servants to the Republic, made in obscurity and in seeming aimlessness the choice of a man and a task, and that of this man it may be truthfully said today, "To this end was he born, and for this cause came he into the world."

It explains, as no other thing can, the superb success and justice and democracy of the selective draft system of the United States.

Analyzing the Army's Man Power

WASHINGTON, Aug. 9.—It is one thing to register 10,000,000 American men and to call 3,000,000 of them to the colors in the space of a few months; it is quite another thing to know what you have got when they arrive.

What you have really got is a segment of the American nation, lifted from all the strata of its complex society. You have the rich and poor; the trained and unskilled; the adaptable type and the phlegmatics; men with initiative—men who have "self-starters" within them, and men who have to be pushed like wheelbarrows—the latter type useful in its way, as wheelbarrows are, but not self-motivated.

You have men who are capable of carrying responsibility, and men who instinctively lean; men who can do their best work when all their creative faculties are called on, and men who are at their best when fulfilling another's plans. You have every type of man to be found in the body of the nation, from the highest virility and development of mentality to the moron.

What are you going to do with them? Obviously, you can only do with them what they themselves can do or be trained to do.

There was a soldier named Bieber, for example—a great awkward fellow who appeared to be a human bulk of bone and sinew, nothing more. When he came to camp they gave him the "once over" and assigned him to a pick and shovel. It seemed to be all he was good for, and the verdict passed on him seemed to be justified by the results he obtained with his pick and shovel. There was nothing to indicate that his whole destiny was not wrapped up in those crude yet necessary instruments. Obviously, he was one of Nature's born burden-bearers.

Then one day an order came through the camp which ruffled the training officers somewhat because it involved "more paper work." Why couldn't Washington leave them alone and let them get on with the field training of the men? Thus some officers thought—though, of course, they did not think publicly. The order contained a system by which the man-power of the Army was to be analyzed and the personnel classified.

WHAT HAPPENED TO PRIVATE BIEBER.

So the examination of the raw troops again was undertaken and in the course of the procedure the pick-and-shovel soldier Bieber was reached. The process which the examining officers followed left little to their discretion: they were merely following a nearly perfect system of man-measurement.

Of course, in Bieber's case it was going to be easy: simply mark him down as a good husky laborer.

But when they put to him the questions which the process compelled, very marvelous things began to happen. "Main occupation?" Well, just working around. "Just what did you do?" Oh, sometimes he drove a motor-truck. Discovery No. 1: this man was being used as a sewer digger when the camp was crying for motor men. Well, well!

"Any experience in electrical work?" Yes, he had fiddled around with wireless a little—had a home-constructed plant of his own. Discovery No. 2: a wireless man!

"What else?" Well, he'd monkeyed some with photography, and the examiner noticed he used scientific terms of which the amateur

kodakist is unaware. Discovery No. 3: a high-grade, scientific photographer.

His photographic work involved the use of chemicals—"Did he know anything about chemistry?" Lord, yes; he'd played around with that a lot—since the war began he had been fussing around with "this here gas question" and he "allowed" it wasn't such a mighty big thing as some people thought it. Discoveries No. 4 and No. 5: chemist, with a specialty in gas!

Of course, they do not take a man's mere word for these things. The man, in answer to the questions, simply indicates the further lines along which the system is to operate, but it is the remaining tests provided by the system that produce final proofs. He is "trade-tested," as the phrase is, which may mean also "profession-tested" in the higher branches.

The man who says he can handle a motor truck is sent to a motor-truck expert, who may wave him toward a motor lying about in pieces and tell him to put it together.

If the soldier allege himself to have experience in wireless, he is sent for a wireless test, and given a series of stunts of increasing difficulty to determine just what grade he belongs in. And so on through the series. When they are done with the examinee they know exactly what his proficiency is.

FITTING THE MAN TO THE PLACE.

The case of Bieber is an exception so far as its details go, but it is not an exception so far as it illustrates the system's efficiency in eliciting the information an army must have in order to be of the highest possible use. The Army does not propose to have square pegs in round holes if it can be avoided—and it can be. A man is more useful to the Army and on better terms with himself when he is doing what by temperament, experience and training he is best fitted to do, and by placing him with reference to these qualities it removes a vast amount of friction. The Army aims at an organization so smooth it would seem to run in oil.

The Government must thank private industry and initiative for this new system of analysis, and especially Dr. Walter Dill Scott, of the Carnegie Institute of Technology, Pittsburgh. Dr. Scott's specialty has been in research work with reference to salesmanship qualities. As the physical director measures men to ascertain their physical fitness, so Dr. Scott measures minds and experiences to ascertain men's psychical fitness.

Take two men whose appearance would indicate equal hardihood and ability. One man is liable to accident and collapse; under strain and difficulty his powers get away from him; while the other has a foresight and carefulness which forestall accident—his nature is capable of bearing great strain and his powers are never so near the top of their efficiency as when he is in a tight place, opposing almost insuperable odds. How distinguish the two? By working with them for 10 years you might gradually attain a knowledge of the peculiarities of each; but how are you going to learn it the first month they are in camp, so that the emergency of war may be met in the best way? That is what the system does.

In ordinary life, with no emergency at hand, such a system might be utilized for the development of men, the strengthening of their weak points, and the general cultivation of their powers; but these are war times, and its present use is to discover what the man now possesses, so to determine where best it may be used. It is what the man has

made of himself in civil life, not what may be made of him now, that is disclosed.

ANALYZING THE ARMY'S OFFICER CORPS.

In the case of enlisted men industrial and educational history forms the groundwork of the investigation. But with officers, a number of other considerations enter. Officers' physique, bearing, neatness and voice are considered. The voice tells a great story in itself.

Is he accurate?—or does he guess, get things "about right" and deal in generalities. Can he grasp points of view other than his own?—some men cannot, and it bespeaks certain limitations. Has he tact? Is he self-reliant? Can he go ahead without detailed instruction? Has he decision of character? Do men obey him gladly and loyally?—has he the faculty of keeping them "for" him all the time? Will he shoulder responsibility for his own acts when they are unfavorable to him?—or will he wriggle and try to throw it on someone else? What are his personal habits?—what does he do when he has nothing else to do? What can he do best?—administrate a record system, instruct men in the theory of military affairs or train men in the actual work itself? When he is confronted by a crisis, when he gets his men into an awkward position on the field, can he quickly form a sensible plan to extricate them?

These things come very near laying a man's personality bare to the light.

In the case of the enlisted men, the system has revealed brilliant machinists at work checking vegetables, an X-ray expert carrying a rifle, an experienced motorist serving as valet to a mule. One day at Camp Meade the post flag stuck at the top of its 200-foot staff. A reference to the classification of personnel disclosed a steeple-jack among the soldiers and the difficulty was met.

MOBILIZING THE SKILL OF THE ARMY.

Down at Camp Sheridan all the water pipes froze and burst and a hurry call was sent to Atlanta for plumbers. Only 50 could be found. The commander in charge was not familiar with the classification system—had passed it on to his subordinates as so much more "paper work" for them to do; but when his attention was called to the list, he found in 15 minutes 100 experienced plumbers among his own men.

A company of 250 soldiers needs 28 specially skilled men. It requires 40 ground men to keep one aviator in the air, and among these ground men must be rare experts in the art of repairing and adjusting the delicate instruments which the flier uses aloft. The system discovered that in one company there were six telegraphers and five electricians. In one truck drivers' unit there were 13 dentists. Of course, these discoveries resulted in immediate transferences and the distribution of the men where they were needed.

The system made it possible, when Pershing called for 200,000 men specially skilled in certain branches, to find them and send them without delay.

The system has largely forestalled the errors England and France made at the beginning of the war, when thousands of shipbuilders and machinists had to be recalled from the front to man the war industries at home. If the American system can only be extended to include an analysis of all the industrial skill of the country, the results will be as nearly perfect as anything human can be, and both war and war industries will be safeguarded against lack of man-power.

Many interesting things are revealed by the system. Though at

present it deals only with men of draft age in the Army, some interesting conclusions have been established. For example: there is one capable auto driver to every 22 of the draft and one carbon lamp expert to every 425,000 of the draft. There is one capable horse handler to every 11 men in the National Army and one airplane expert to every 11,184. There is one auto repairer to every 118 of other callings and one physician to every 5,820. There is one machinist to every 116 selects and one telephone operator to every 1,853.

It reveals, too, a greater proportion of skill—that is, more experts to the thousand—in the northwestern section of the country of which Michigan is a part, than in any other.

HOW THE SYSTEM REVEALS NATIONAL DEFECTS.

Other revelations go more deeply into our national life, such as the disclosure that one in every 100 is somewhat mentally defective, and that on the whole the people are only about 50 per cent efficient. This has a bearing on a remark made by a man so high in the Government that he may not even be named in this connection, to the effect that he was not at all surprised, as Lloyd George and Premier Clemenceau confessed themselves, at what the United States had done since it entered the war; his surprise was that it had not done much more.

This reference to the nation goes for the race also. Man in his highest collective achievement registers only about 50 per cent, plus. The human race has yet far to go; human achievement has not even begun to approach its zenith. And this war is going to release new powers, liberate new waves of energy and point the way to the new conditions necessary for humanity's still crescent progress.

The Army does not discriminate against illiterate men in any line that does not require "book learning." If a man has a good working mind, if he can think straight—and there are certain tests to ascertain whether he can—he is credited with that ability. There are many foreign-born and Southern illiterates, Dr. Scott tells me, who possess brilliant minds, though unfortunately handicapped by their lack of those media of intellectual exchange, letters and figures.

Under the psychological tests conducted by the Surgeon-General's department, the highest rating a man can win is 414. The records of enlisted men reveal that 25 per cent score about 200, while 25 per cent score below 200; the remaining 50 per cent scoring between 100 and 200.

The score of officers is somewhat higher: 25 per cent are above 325, and 25 per cent below 250; while the remaining 50 per cent are between 250 and 325.

A curious fact with regard to the officers is this: Men highly skilled with tools, or highly cultivated in a creative art, do not make the best officers. There is a distinct difference between the qualities required to work in materials or in purely intellectual principles, and those required to work with men. Special culture does not usually produce good officer material, while general culture and experience do.

So, among the many other beginnings to be credited to this war, this special one is worth noting—the beginning of a thorough analysis of ourselves as a people.

The Chief-of-Staff—Commander of Three Million Men

WASHINGTON, Aug. 10.—The President is Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy of the United States, but he is a civilian; he could not put a squadron of cavalry through its paces, direct the fire of a battery of artillery or perform the complex staff duties of an army faced by a foe.

The Secretary of War also is a civilian. He is the President's delegated representative in the War Department. While more or less conversant with the policies and administrative duties of his department, he is not trained in the technic of armies, he is not expert in the art of war.

And all this is as it should be. It is the peculiar genius of our institutions and the guarantee of our liberties that the Civil Establishment is supreme. Never can we be too intelligently grateful for the fact that no swords clank, no spurs jingle, when the President and his Cabinet assemble to determine the policies of the nation.

Yet, if you are to have an army, you must have a soldier as its head. He must be an American soldier. He must be the most highly trained soldier America can produce. Let a civilian Congress determine when armies shall be called and for what purpose they shall be used; let a civilian President keep command of all the armies that may thus be assembled and sent forth; but for the actual work of organizing, equipping, training, dispatching and employing the army you must have a soldier who can look any great general in the world's military forces in the eye, and prove himself an equal.

The United States has such a soldier. He is Gen. Peyton Conway March, Chief of Staff.

Only three men wear the four silver stars of a full General of the United States. One is Pershing, the second is Gen. Bliss, the third is Gen. March. You can count on the fingers of your hand the number of men who have attained this exalted rank in the history of the nation. The first full-fledged general was George Washington. For nearly half a century after the Civil War, this high rank was vacant. The emergency of war has revived it.

THE CHIEF-OF-STAFF IN CONFERENCE.

I first saw Gen. March, Chief of Staff, at a newspaper men's conference in the State, War and Navy Building. Gen. March meets the Washington correspondents twice a week. They file into a room, which is well supplied with special maps, seat themselves and await his coming. He enters quickly with an aide and a military stenographer, and without preliminary of any sort begins to describe the situation on the front. His utterance is rapid and clean cut; the stenographic report reveals his extempore style to be one of great distinction, utterly free of the need for revision. It makes perfect "copy," as if it were the carefully builded utterance of a fastidious mind.

You would almost say, if you did not know him, that a very distinguished scholar had donned the uniform, his utterance breathes so unmistakably an atmosphere of cultivation. And yet there is an undertone of silent driving energy about him that inevitably suggests a man of intense action.

His account of our military progress in France given, a brief pause ensues for questions. Asked where the Michigan and Wisconsin troops that trained in Waco are now located, he gave the part of Europe,

a one-word description of the sector, and the commanding general's name.

He announced also that American troops were then appearing in Italy—next day the dispatches announced with what outbursts of joy the Italian populace had hailed them. Another question or two, then abruptly—"Good morning, gentlemen"—and the conference was ended.

The room in which the conference was conducted was interesting chiefly for its maps. They bore in colored strands the outline of the military situation as it stood at the end of each of the previous four days—a red strand for Wednesday, a blue strand for Thursday, a yellow strand for Friday, and so on.

There one had visualized for him the battle line as it fell back and advanced, the strands crossing each other like a tangled skein of varicolored yarn, but always going on, always going on! The distance between Paris and the Germans increased 11 miles! And then 10 miles more! And, best of all, the front reduced 10 miles, and then another 10 miles. The American push had actually reduced the front 20 miles, thus freeing all the men in that long stretch of territory for work in the heavy part of the onward push. There was a great difference in the vividness of that military map and that of the maps currently published. One could see in just how deep a pocket the German Crown Prince had permitted his men to be caught and how that pocket was steadily becoming shallower under Allied pressure.

DISLIKES INTERVIEWS—BUT HE CONSENTED.

I heard all sorts of opinions as to the approachability of the Chief of Staff. Some men told me it was almost worth one's life to approach him, that he was a veritable tiger. Others said that he had an intense dislike for publicists of every kind, that he despised newspaper men, and that if he had his way he would refuse to give the public a word about the war. As for interviewing him in any way other than the public conference, it would be extremely hazardous if indeed it should be possible at all. As a matter of fact the Chief of Staff had granted but one interview, and that to a bang-up magazine.

By good luck and the intercession of an official in the War Department, the proposal for an interview was put up to Gen. March. It was assumed that, if I met him at all, it would of necessity be near midnight, for that is his quitting time. But by the best of good fortune an appointment came through for 1:45 p. m.

And at the precise moment an aide appeared with the compliments of the Chief of Staff, asking if I would wait until 2:30. I would have been only too glad to have waited until that hour in the morning. But exactly on the dot an aide appeared and in the next moment the Chief of Staff was extending his hand and pointing to a chair drawn up to the desk.

Usually I am a somewhat curious person. I like to know what my surroundings look like. The interior of the office of the Chief of Staff, regarded merely as the scenic setting of an interview, was one of the points my mind was charged to get.

But though I was there the larger part of an hour, I am in utter ignorance of what the room was like, what military apparatus hung there, what portraits if any, what trophies of the field. The eyes and person of the Chief of Staff held me like a magnet. It is a somewhat humiliating confession for a newspaper writer to make, but it may throw a sidelight on the subject of this sketch.

It was evident that the Chief of Staff wasn't being interviewed because he wanted to be. It was purely an act of courtesy. Perhaps,

too, he was interested in the individual whose sole purpose was to help the people of his region know their military servants who, until this war, have been so generally misunderstood as to their qualities and their purposes.

A WELL-BRED AMERICAN SOLDIER.

The first discovery I made in that conversation was that I was not dealing with a martinet, but with a charming, well-bred gentleman who is an American to the core, and whose service to America has that same deep-burning source from which the loyalty of all of us springs.

There he sat, the commander of 3,500,000 men, the head and front of the greatest military feat that history records, the man who is largely responsible for doing the thing that all the world, friend or foe, said could not be done and who is doing it in still greater magnitude every month—and all that marked him, aside from his own indomitable personality, were those four small silver stars on each shoulder strap.

I say that I discovered in him the deepest note of Americanism, and I must try to show how it revealed itself. There was no outburst of love of country, no Fourth of July patriotism of an older time—there was no direct word about it at all.

But there were these things: a belief in the American people, a belief in American institutions as now established, a belief in the subordinacy of the military establishment to the service of the people. In sentences that were to me very moving, considering their source, these articles of his faith dropped casually into the conversation.

For one thing the Chief of Staff believes in publicity. "This is the people's war," said he, "and they have a right to know everything that will not enable the enemy to damage their cause. And it is true that very little the people want to know and ought to know possibly could afford information to the enemy.

"We have established the policy of publicity here not only because we believe in it, and because our masters, the people, are entitled to it, but mostly because they need this knowledge to bring up their entire reserve to the support of the war."

Casualties from the big battle then raging had not been coming in, which was interpreted by some to indicate a slump in the policy of publicity. "The lists will not be manipulated in any way," said Gen. March. "General Pershing has instructions to report the casualties as they occur, and as soon as they can be collected."

HE IS NOT A "MILITARIST."

For another thing, the Chief of Staff believes in the public attitude of antagonism toward "militarism." He endorses it. He is against militarism himself.

"The extreme of militarism is as dangerous as the extreme of military helplessness," he said. "It is right that we should fight all tendencies toward the establishment of a military autocracy in this country."—and when he said "fight," he pronounced the word as if he meant just that.

"But," he continued, "there is such a thing as military self-respect, the policy of keeping our strength in such a condition of availability as to make it impossible for any nation to disregard our national rights. The American people themselves will see to it that such a thing never happens again.

"They have had an opportunity to study at first hand, by participating in it, the military ideal of the United States. The National Army has been the most important event of the last half century—in

a military sense the most important event of our history. Millions of young men have tested it for themselves and have approved it.

"Its influences are going out not only through this generation, but will elevate the generations of whom our young soldiers will become the fathers—elevate the tone of their loyalty, of their usefulness as citizens, and increase their power to bring the principles of discipline into their own lives.

"Our army is simply democracy in action. Our draft is the most just that ever has been devised. There is none like it. It rests on the same principle as jury duty. The jury drawn from the body of our citizenry is the safeguard of our legal rights, just as this democratic army selected by their own will from the body of the people safeguards our national rights and secures the future of our country."

HE KNOWS THE AMERICAN CALIBER.

The Chief of Staff's eyes, ordinarily very steady and searching, glowed with inner feeling as he uttered these words. His admiration of the American man is unbounded, and his confidence in the intelligence, stamina and pluck of the American citizen leads him to the only excessive expressions he uses.

"You see," he said, "I knew the American long before this war. I commanded a volunteer battery in the Philippines, and it was made up of every type of American. Some had social position, some had none, there were sons of wealth, sons of toil and men who didn't care much about either; and I learned then, if I had not known it before, what the American can be depended on to do. He is a whole man, wholly devoted to the task before him, with a healthy man's desire to do the job thoroughly and as quickly as possible. There were those who expressed doubts as to the ability of the American to fight after so many years of peace, and with our natural disinclination for such work; but I never doubted for a moment that if fighting were required, the American would be found second to none."

Just how free the Chief of Staff is from professional prejudice or intra-army divisive influences is indicated by his plan to unify the army, enabling every soldier to wear the insignia "U. S." without subdivisive markings.

SELECTS AND VOLUNTEERS ALL ONE U. S. ARMY.

Soldiers, like other classes of men, have their little class prejudices. The regular fancies himself to be better than the men of the federalized National Guard. The National Guard is sure it is superior to the men of the National Army—"men who had to be drafted," as the phrase goes.

The Chief of Staff is far above such invidious comparisons. He is full of admiration for the National Army. He knows no distinction between the volunteer and the man selected by the draft system.

"The Secretary of War," he says, "has approved our plan"—it is said really to be Gen. March's plan, though you will never catch him saying so—"to unify the insignia of the Army, and make every soldier a Soldier of the United States, without such qualifying marks as "N. A.," "N. G.," or "R. C." They are members of the Army of the United States in fact. We shall make them so in name also."

It happened that before I saw the Chief of Staff I had formed a theory, based on odds and ends picked up here and there about Washington, that the turning point in the great battle then progressing was the Americans' refusal to retreat after being driven back.

I was bold enough to put up my theory to the Chief of Staff, but

he instantly refused to sanction anything that would seem to reflect on our Allies.

Briefly but feelingly he described what they had been standing against these four years; there was no possible conceiving their courage and sacrifice, he said, unless one had seen it. Whatever we had been able to do since our arrival was, to be sure, a source of satisfaction, but to use it as in any way comparing unfavorably our Allies' efforts with our own was unjust. Nevertheless, the Chief of Staff did not appear to feel at all sad over the account the Americans are giving of themselves.

U. S. ARMY EXCELS IN WILL TO WORK.

"If our troops have an advantage," he said, "it is in their willingness to endure the hardest kind of training before they see the battlefield. This is not true of all the troops in this war, but it is true of the Americans. They—will—train! When I was over there commanding a brigade of field artillery, my men were up before daylight, and they were hard at work until midnight. There was no let up. Consequently, when they came to battle, they were ready."

And that is a story in itself. As brigadier-general of artillery for Pershing, he went across with men who had neither guns nor horses. He had some harness, but not enough for a brigade.

His orders were to have his artillery ready to take action on the front when the infantry got ready—and the infantry was fully equipped.

He trained his men with the French guns. He got horses from the left-overs of the other armies. He worked day and night and his men with him. And when the day came for the infantry to march to the front, Brig.-Gen. March's artillery were ready to march with them and do the splendid execution that has marked their work to this day.

You feel something of this driving energy of the man as he speaks. Perfectly quiet, his body in absolute control, hardly a movement of a hand or limb, you still seem to feel the purring of interior dynamos of power. Some men are noisily powerful, like threshing machines and locomotives; the Chief of Staff is vibrant, like a dynamo—charged, silent, resistless.

You gather, rightly or wrongly, that Gen. March would not for a moment subscribe to the German dictum that it takes years to make a soldier. The Kaiser said Germany had the advantage of the world, because Germany trained men since the days of Frederick the Great; but in our Civil War, the most colossal struggle up to that time, the armies were recruited with only a few months of training.

Training, Gen. March of course, would not underestimate. But he would give full appreciation to the qualities which civil life and institutions develop in the man who is chosen for training.

You can train a nation so thoroughly as to drill its initiative out of it, make it an army in reserve and not a nation living a free, spontaneous life. One feels that such is not Gen. March's notion of training at all. But like all men who have pondered the subject, he would approve an acquaintance with arms and the development of a system which would annually bring up the physical strength and military dexterity of the nation's manhood to a fairly high degree, and this for the physical and moral advantage of the nation, as well as for its military value.

THE WORK OF THE CHIEF-OF-STAFF.

The work of the soldier in the front line trenches is so important that until one gains an insight into the vast complexity of modern

army organization, it seems invidious to compare any work with the soldier's. And yet, if the General Staff failed in its work, an army would be worse than useless. Any thoughtful person must see how vital is the Staff to the life and safety and success of the army. In a fundamental sense the word "Staff" means just that: the army leans on it for support.

Besides transport, sustenance and equipment, there are questions of disposition of the forces, the placing of reserves, provision against contingencies, forestalling of disaster, the co-ordination of all branches of the service so that the mightiest stroke can be brought to bear for the main object. If this is not done, the army droops, and the enemy simply walks through it.

This is the work of the General Staff. The Chief of Staff and his important bureau of chiefs are all charged with these heavy responsibilities. They are not theorists, they have been under fire. The Chief of Staff himself has been many times under fire. As a subordinate officer he has fought in the open and in the front line, and several times has been given official mention by his then superiors "for distinguished gallantry in action."

He is a fighting soldier. He knows the present war, from the responsibilities of the commanding general, to the trench hardships and the duties of the private soldier. No matter how many long hours his men worked in France, he worked longer. His own work began when his work for them and with them was done.

And he is so thoroughly imbued with the American ideal, he possesses so fit a sense of the part his work occupies in our national life as a whole, he is so wholesomely aware that he is the servant of our civil liberties and he is so unfeignedly the comrade of every American soldier that one has no other course than to regard him as the typical American in arms.

I shall always be glad that I met and talked with the Chief of Staff of the Army of the United States, Gen. Peyton Conway March.

"The Swivel Chair Army"

WASHINGTON, Aug. 12.—There is no war romance in Washington. The city is not swathed in flags. Save as one sees many Army men in their olive drab and Naval men in their gleaming white, save as one sees an occasional group of Allied colors and hears the continual purr of aircraft circling over the city, the impression is one of intense and undramatic activity.

There are no parades, no marching music and few gay social affairs, as when Army and Navy men congregate in time of peace. The entire war organization, like the battleships at sea, is coated in the gray paint of action.

Washington is an extremely sober-minded city these days. One would imagine that, with scores of thousands of young women added to the city's population and the scores of thousands of troops with access to the city, the usual amount of flirtation would go on. But one who knows this phenomenon, and who has observed it in many cities, is unfeignedly surprised at the absence of it here. My business took me ceaselessly about the city by day and night, but I have yet to see a soldier try to make friends with a girl on the street and I have yet to see a girl go anywhere but straight about her business.

The southern girl does not seem to have learned this form of diversion, and there is something in the atmosphere of the Capitol that seems to deter others who might be inclined to it.

Service flags float everywhere and an impressive proportion of them bear golden stars. One hardly ever sees a large flag without its gleam of gold.

War has touched even the White House. One day a gassed American aviator came in, and told in the thin, weak voice of one whose lungs had been eaten by poisonous vapor, that he had been with a relative of the President's family when he had fallen. He had come to give an account of the man's last hours.

In the House of Representatives they are preparing a House service flag, and it, too, will have its touch of gold. Eighty members of the House have sons in the service, and the number of the sons exceeds 100. A member is an active aviator. Another died in training. Three Michigan congressmen have given sons—Frank E. Doremus, J. M. C. Smith and J. W. Fordney. The Speaker's son, Bennett Champ Clark, is in France.

This afternoon I have just come from the office of John T. Suter, the private secretary to the Attorney-General of the United States. When I arrived, he was somewhere downtown taking a farewell meal with his son. The young man had been ordered overseas.

THE SWIVEL CHAIR IN WAR.

You have doubtless heard of the Swivel Chair army. It is a term of derision. I wanted to see that army and analyze its composition.

In the beginning it became clear that this war is being managed from swivel chairs. The President does his executive work in a chair, as do the heads of the Army and Navy.

If we could see Gen. Pershing and Gen. Foch as they spend most of their day, we should not find them astride fiery chargers, but behind very business-like desks, in swivel chairs.

The Chief of Staff and the Provost Marshal General, with their hundreds of assistants, do their work from swivel chairs. In the Ordnance

Department alone there are 7,500 swivel chairs. The vast detail of the war makes it necessary. In the War Risk Insurance Bureau there are thousands on thousands of swivel chairs; it is necessary, that the parents and dependents of soldiers may have their rights attended to. So that to serve the country from a swivel chair is not necessarily a disgrace.

The swivel chair army is composed of two arms, civilian and military. I did not think of the first arm when I began my tour. But one morning at 9 o'clock it brought itself keenly to my attention. I was passing a large building and the clock in the tower was tolling the hour, when I heard a great burst of singing. Male and female voices blended in the tune of "America." I thought some convention was opening its sessions. The song floated out and filled the street—

"My Country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of Liberty."

And then the voices swung from the old anthem to a newer stanza—

"God save our noble men,
Bring them safe home again."

CIVILIAN ARM OF CHAIR ARMY.

Who were these people? What brought them here? They are, for the most part, the sisters, wives and, in some cases, the mothers of American soldiers. They are the fathers and incapacitated brothers of men in the Army, and the younger brothers awaiting the draft call. The majority of them came here glowing with zeal for the Cause. For wages that are inadequate, under conditions that are far from comfortable, they came here to help.

All through these departments you see gray-haired men wearing service pins—frequently two stars to which you inwardly do homage. In these days of battle they work very tensely, trying to keep their minds at their desks. They have come down here to HELP! That lame clerk yonder—his brother has gone across; the closest he can get to the war and help his brother is through a Government department —and he is here! That fellow, pale and intent yonder—his brother went down to death in the ocean a month ago. Every little while he tries to enlist, but they won't take him; he is doing the best he can for his lost brother's Cause.

I defy any one to stand by and see these people flow into the great offices in streams of thousands, and at the stroke of 9 o'clock rise at their desks and sing in mighty rhythm:

"God save our noble men,
Bring them safe home again;
God save our men
Noble and glorious.
Make them victorious,
THEY ARE SO DEAR TO US;
God save our men."

—I say, I defy any American whose blood is not vinegar, to hear that choral in these times of war and from such people—the choral prayer of soldiers' kin—without taking off his hat to the Swivel Chair Army. You understand now why these girls don't flirt on the streets. The service pin bespeaks a plighted heart. You understand why men, who have plainly been accustomed to other work, are sitting at under-paid desks in the departments. The service pin tells all the tale.

ON ACTIVE DUTY IN A CHAIR.

Of the military men of the swivel chair army Uncle Joe Cannon said: "They wear spurs to keep their feet from slipping off the desk."

Everyone laughed, even those at whom the shaft was aimed. But it was essentially a cruel witticism. It was roughly unjust to thousands of officers.

I asked one spur-wearing officer about it. "I belong to a mounted branch of the service and the regulations compel me to wear spurs. As for taking them off, I would be glad to be able even to take my boots off some nights. Last night I slept in the corner there. I was called into conference at 12:30 in the night, finished my work at 4, and it wasn't worth while to go home."

I asked the head of the department about it. "They wear spurs today because they will be using them tomorrow," he said. Then he added, "and worse luck for me; I need them here, but they're crazy to go."

Now, I could fill the rest of this article with instances that would be very depressing, considered alone. I could tell of a Senator's son who is always kept in safe service—a Republican Senator's son who would be known to Michigan readers were his name given here. I could tell of certain scions of wealth—a very few, of course, but still they could be so set forth as to make it seem that the condition was general—who have been kept in bomb-proof jobs.

I could tell of young men with "pull" who have donned the uniform and are working hard, but are in no immediate danger. And I do not desire the reader to understand that such conditions do not exist.

But are they representative? that is the question.

If I were writing about the newspaper correspondents in Washington, I could tell of several scandalous instances of slacking, and of the worst kind—slacking in the uniform.

But when I look at the great service flag in the National Press Club with its three golden stars and 102 blue stars; when I listen to members who have returned gassed and wounded; when I hear of the hard service and exploits of others overseas—what am I to write about? Overshadow the story with the disgrace of the self-seeking few, or glorify it with the chronicles of the courageous many? In a camp it isn't the few faint hearts who make the story, but the multitude of strong hearts.

SWIVEL CHAIR SLACKERS IN MINORITY.

So, while there are some in the military arm of the swivel chair army who deserve contempt, whose parents and friends have used "pull" to get them a place, the shame of which they will never be able to shake off, it is only just to emphasize two things: First, they are fewer than they were a few months ago—they are being cleaned out; second, they were never more than a contemptible minority. The injustice of Mr. Cannon's remark was that in castigating those who deserved it, the blow fell with unfair sting on the blameless.

I met an aviator who commanded 154 men in Texas. He is now in a swivel chair at Washington. When the order came to go to a desk, he was the most disconsolate of men. He wanted to go to France and fight the enemy in the air; that was why he entered the Army, that was his highest desire. To go to Washington was the collapse of all his dreams.

But what had happened? This young aviator with his 154 men had developed a morale, had worked out such a perfect system of keeping the soldier's mind and body at its best, that Washington took note and investigated. What the General Staff considered with this: "If this officer can do that for 154 men, why can't he do it for 3,000,000 men? Why not order him to make his system general through the Army?" The officer had no pull—indeed, in the majority of cases men

are brought here purely on their record—but his work spoke for itself.

This man, now in a swivel chair, would rather be in France flying for America. On his desk is a tiny motto—perhaps it gives the clue; it is a paraphrase of Omar: "Ah, take the Work, and let the Credit Go."

PLEADING TO GO TO THE FRONT.

This I know, that hundreds of reserve officers took the order to Washington with good grace because they fancied that here they would be nearer the center of things and could put in a word that would get them sooner to France.

And this I know, that these requests mount to such proportions the Secretary of War is compelled to set aside a time to hear them, and when he does there is a great line-up of young officers waiting to prefer their pleas. Their faces, when they come out, refused, are not pleasant to see.

And this also I know, there are officers kept in departments by the promise that as soon as they get their sections in such perfect working order that they can be relieved, they will be given their desire for overseas service—and maybe such a promise doesn't make for speed and efficiency!

But there is another thing I know—some officers will never see France; their ability in their present tasks is so high that they could be replaced with the utmost difficulty and confusion.

These are the men for whom I would have true Americans think that they, too, are on active service, even though they work in a swivel chair.

I heard a Bureau Chief criticized because he was not training up an understudy to take his place if anything happened. There are going to be many physical breakdowns in Washington, and preparedness is desirable.

"But I can't find anyone willing to come," said this Bureau Chief in worried tones. "I approach a likely young officer and propose that he come with me, and he shies off—begs me not to get him tied up—he is laying his lines for France. I don't like to ask for an order yanking him in here willy nilly—I know how he feels. Take 30 years off me and I would be for getting over myself—as a private, if necessary."

Doubtless there are men who came here for Government service to evade the draft, or, failing that, to evade dangerous service. Some are indispensable; others could be superseded by civilians above draft age or incompetent for military service. But Washington does not offer itself as a refuge of the slacker. Washington despises him. One day in a certain department I heard an application made for a position. The applicant was a lawyer. He wanted to serve where his training would be of use. The first question was:

"Is he in the draft?"

It appeared that he was beyond draft age, but within military age.

"Why doesn't he enlist?"

The question was neither a sneer nor a rebuff. It was a request for information. What prevented him from enlisting?—that was its meaning. Was he physically unfit? Did his financial resources and family responsibilities make it impossible? Or was he a really able legal mind who would be more useful in Washington or working for the Government elsewhere than he would be in uniform?

That is a gauntlet run by men who apply for positions. The tendency is more and more toward selecting men for ordinary positions who could not be used to better advantage elsewhere. And this is what exactly suits the right-minded young fellow who is able and desirous of getting to the war front.

"They wear spurs today because they will be using them tomorrow."

Maj.-Gen. Gorgas Wages War of Extermination

WASHINGTON, Aug. 13.—The United States Army contains at least one general who believes in wars of aggression, wars of invasion and wars of extermination.

War is his business. When there isn't a good war going, he makes one. He never treats with his enemy. He destroys him root and branch, leaving no trace. There are spots on the earth's surface which he has swept bare of foes that literally swarmed there; they have been exterminated without mercy.

And a noble old warrior he is. A well-poised head with an eagle-like nose, a dignified gray mustache, a colorful complexion wholesomely tanned, his tunic straightly butttoned, his military boots encasing legs thrust wide apart, and the twin stars of a major-general on his epaulets, would make him a notable figure even if you did not know his identity and history. Seen closely, he is found to have a mild and twinkling eye, and his tone is one of kindliness which modulates his notes of power.

I am writing of William C. Gorgas, surgeon-general of the Army. He is physician-extraordinary to your boy, if he is in the army. His practice is among men whose occupation is supposed to be the most arduous and dangerous in the world, and yet the health rate of his patients is the highest in the world. He has cut the death rate of war more than one-half, and still is lowering it. And he is doing more for your boy's physical welfare than ever could have been done in civil life.

When the European war began Gen. Gorgas was conducting a war of his own over in Africa. He was fighting yellow fever. He is an undefeated soldier in that sort of warfare. He exterminated the enemy in Havana and in Panama. For centuries yellow fever had held the fort against men and governments and had defeated vast enterprises at the cost of thousands of human lives. But Gen. Gorgas virtually has rid the world of it. There exists only one breeding place of that plague now, and Gen. Gorgas hopes to defeat it there when the war in France is over.

A REAL WORLD CONQUEROR.

Here, then, is a bona fide world-conqueror, if you would see one. Alexander, Napoleon and Wilhelm II all have failed, but Gen. Gorgas has succeeded. And he has succeeded because he sought human good and no one's harm. His monument is a world swept clean of deadly fever.

Gen. Gorgas is found in one of those board and plaster barracks that have sprung up in entire blocks through Washington. In his office is his desk and chair and a couple of folding chairs for those having business with him. Around him, covering almost an entire city block, is his office organization, and if you should walk through these corridors and rooms you would come, sooner or later upon all the famous medical men America has produced, or at least those of them who are not at the front. An office list would equal a "Who's Who" of the greatest American medical scientists of the age—so general has been the volunteering amongst the profession.

The question of doctors for the Army is a most vital one. There are enough for the armies recently assembled, but greatly increased medical enlistments will be necessary for the armies yet to be trained. On July 12 there were 21,370 officers of the Medical Reserve Corps—

every one of whom is a civilian physician who has enlisted—and that number represented one-fourth of the available physicians of the United States, omitting from the calculation, of course, those who are unfit physically or temperamentally.

This means that the nation is arriving at a point where the medical needs of civil communities will have to be considered. Already it has occurred that the enlistment of physicians has left some communities without sufficient medical service, and some men have been sent back to serve the civilian population. The safe ratio of physicians to population, as fixed by the American Medical Association, is one to every 700. In the Army, one physician is required for every 100 soldiers.

That is to say, if we raise a military force of 5,000,000 men, it will require 50,000 doctors. As there are only 145,000 physicians and surgeons in the United States, and as only about 75,000 of these are within military age—that is, 55 years old or less—the situation is easily visualized. To add to its gravity there is the fact that fewer young men are now training in medicine than was formerly the case. The cry of "too many doctors" came just in time to discourage young men from attempting the medical career at a moment when more doctors were becoming essential. The authorities do not desire to deprive hospitals and communities of medical attendants, and many internes who have offered themselves for the war have been commissioned and placed on inactive duty in their home hospitals.

AN ARMY THAT BATTLES PAIN.

It is really no misuse of the term "sacrifice" to so describe the enlistment of young doctors. There are physicians and medical scientists of note who have relinquished $100,000 incomes to take the bare living wage of majors and colonels, and their act is spoken of as sacrifice, which indeed it is.

But it is the young physician, who is just pulling through his first struggle for a foothold and for the first time is earning $3,000 or $5,000 a year, who makes a really poignant sacrifice when he offers himself to his country. And the surgeon who is neither young nor famous, but in another 10 years would have achieved a substantial place in his profession, he, too, is making a heavy sacrifice. The medical corps knows this; the people seldom do.

The army of healing which Gen. Gorgas commands has had a remarkable growth. Its enlisted personnel on the first anniversary of the declaration of war was larger by 20,000 than the entire regular United States Army the year before. In April, 1917, there were 5,000 beds in Army hospitals; in June there were 100,000. That is in this country alone. Overseas there are more than 250,000 beds. And the erection of hospitals, here and overseas, is constantly being pushed forward. In April, 1917, there were seven Army hospitals; in June, 1918, there were 100. In April, 1917, there were 900 officers and 6,500 enlisted men in the medical department; today there are 24,000 officers and 160,000 enlisted men. In April, 1917, there were 375 women nurses for the Army; today there are 14,527.

The reader should know that women nurses do not go on the battlefield. They look very pretty and engaging in the posters which portray them walking among the wounded in No Man's Land — but it isn't done. Nor are the women at the front American Red Cross nurses, although they wear the Red Cross, which is the symbol of the medical corps of all armies—they are Army nurses, and their work is done far behind the battle line. Experiments are being made, however, with women nurses in mobile hospitals five

or six miles back of the firing line, and if successful it may lead to their larger employment in those zones. But, as yet, the women remain in comparative safety so far as real battle danger is concerned. Of course, the bombing raids which the enemy visits on hospitals are always a very genuine danger.

Beside these increases, there are 150 laboratories at work on the medical problems of the Army, two Medical Officers' Training Schools are in operation, and in July 16,420 student officers were taking the training.

When asked what, in his opinion, was the most striking difference between this war and previous wars, Gen. Gorgas answered: "The decreased rate of death from wounds and disease, and the dispatch with which wounded men are returned to active duty."

Through the efforts of the medical department, 80 per cent of American wounded are returned to the front in a month.

The record of almost any regiment engaged in the Civil War will show more men as having died of disease than of wounds. The Spanish-American War, which wasn't much of a war in a military sense, cost a higher percentage of American lives by disease than the Japanese lost by disease and bullets combined in their war with Russia.

Typhoid, tetanus, gangrene were the most powerful and dangerous enemies the soldier had to meet.

All that is happily changed. The Army has absolutely abolished typhoid. Tetanus no longer is a terror. And one of the most notable advances in modern medical science is the control of gas gangrene by Dr. Bull, of the Rockefeller Institute. Dr. William H. Welch, who discovered the gas bacillus, was associated with Pasteur, Lister, Virchow and Charcot in his younger days, has been at the top of his profession and in enjoyment of a princely income for many years. You will find him now in a board and plaster barracks, devoting the flower of his knowledge to the youth of the country. His title is that of colonel, at its almost nominal salary.

THE ARMY IS KILLING THE SOCIAL EVIL.

There is another side to the health of the Army, a side which the war is compelling us to cease being squeamish about.

Prudishness in the use of words refers to it as the "social evil." Kipling's line about "single men in barracks" not growing into plaster saints has cast a sinister light on the whole matter and has misrepresented the fact, at least as it is today. Because the Army makes and publishes reports of diseases incident to vice, many people jump to the conclusion that vice is rife in the Army, whereas if they would only read the reports they would see that it is really morality that is prevalent. Army officers will tell you that they are not trying to control the soldier's morals, but one doesn't need half an eye to see that the Army discipline invades the physical life to such a large and determining extent as to affect the moral life.

The "social evil" is, historically, a war-born disease. It was brought into Europe and spread by the Crusaders. It has been the curse of every war since that time.

"But," said an officer of the medical department, "this disease born of war is going to be killed by war. If this war lasts long enough, venereal disease will be exterminated in the world. We have made such progress in this direction that it is no uncommon thing to hear officers say: 'I would rather have my daughter marry a discharged American soldier than any type of man I know.'"

It isn't difficult to see how this is working. Take the health reports

of any cantonment when a new batch of civilians is received, and compare the records of the same men six months later. The figures have only one meaning, and that meaning is in the highest favor of the decency of the men. At the inception of the National Army the United States Government, through the Public Health Service, the United States Army Medical Department, state boards of health and the Commission on Training Camp Activities, began a physical and moral clean-up in all cities and towns in the vicinity of training camps. Not only did they care for health inside the camp, but outside, too. Sitting here in Washington, I turn to the weekly report and can tell just how many cases of every communicable disease existed last week in the Camp Custer zone in Michigan. And we who had the privilege of knowing the daily life of the camp for months on end, can testify how thorough the clean-up was, and how next to impossible it was for immoral persons to live in that entire zone. The Government considers all lewd persons as potential enemies.

THE MOBILIZATION OF MEDICAL SCIENCE.

It is therefore with justifiable pride that Gen. Gorgas, the conqueror of yellow fever, observes the extent to which his system is slowly killing out the venereal peril also. Through a long course of years, with the enlisted personnel of the Army constantly increasing, he can see this peril constantly decreasing, until now it is in a rapid decline.

It is one of the most noteworthy facts which can be stated that, though the health rate in all particulars is much higher in the cantonments of this country than among the civilian population, the health rate of the American Expeditionary Force overseas is still higher than that of the cantonments. The more perfect the military control, the higher the moral and physical condition of the soldier.

And, of course, alcoholism also is virtually abolished.

There is ample testimony in Washington and elsewhere to show that to the mothers, sisters, wives and sweethearts of the soldiers and sailors, these are among the most grateful facts that could be given them. Women-folk fear more for their men-folks' souls than for their bodies; they fear the enemies of character, the shafts of devastating sin more than they fear the German guns. To assure them of the cleanliness of the men of the armies is to soothe their deepest unrest.

One of the quietest, one of the least outwardly compelling of all the Government departments, this Army Medical Department is one of the most noble and important. The great specialists of the eye, the nerves, the bones and the ears; the great specialists in nutrition, psychology; in surgery, sanitation, social hygiene; the great internists and chemists; the great orthopedic specialists and facial reconstructionists; the great bacteriologists and diagnosticians; the great pathologists and Roentgenologists and actinographers—the knights errant of healing, the angels whose touch stills pain — these, all these, in a host too great to catalog, have gathered to repair the ravages of the eagles of war. And they work with pride and confidence under the captaincy of that great modern conqueror, Surgeon-General Gorgas.

How Military Morale Is Maintained

WASHINGTON, Aug. 14.—"War," said Napoleon, "is three parts morale and one part materiel."

Anyone who has lived for any length of time in a National Army training camp and has witnessed the almost miraculous transformation wrought in young men whom we had been accustomed to think of as very ordinary fellows will realize in part what Napoleon meant.

We had morale before we had material. Not alone because, as someone has said, "Autocracy has an army, but Democracy is an army," but because there is something in American society and the American spirit that tends constantly to keep up the national morale. Ever since September, 1917, I have been trying to define what that impetus and stimulus is, but it evades my analysis. Endeavoring to avoid the pitfall of nationalistic egoism, one hesitates to say that the American soldier is braver, more intelligent and has a greater power of initiative than any other troops in the world, though possibly that is true. He possesses a peculiarly American combination of qualities, a more instant power of summoning spiritual reserves, a certain dash balanced by prudence, a rare courage directed by purpose, an inclusive vision of what it is all about—perhaps these are some of the elements that go to make distinctive our American morale.

No one who knew the troops in the training camps is at all surprised at what the Americans did in the last drive, when they turned the German advance into a defensive action and retreat. It simply was not in the Americans, with even the ghost of a chance to do anything, to do anything else. It is the peculiarly undefinable American spirit.

The change from civil life to military life is a sudden and drastic one for millions of young men. Is it possible to carry over the nerve, the "pep" of the free life of the civilian to the disciplined life of the soldier?

There is one group of men, working under the direction of the General Staff, who say that it is, and have proved it. This group is called the Committee on Military Morale. It is one of the most interesting sections of the General Staff's activities that I have met in Washington. It deals with human qualities all through. To it the soldier is not merely a military automaton; he is a flesh-and-blood man, with thoughts and feelings and moods. It realizes that a man fights as he thinks; his body merely obeys his mind. One enthusiastic soldier is worth 10 who are merely dutiful.

INFLUENCES THAT DEPRESS MORALE.

One part of the work of the supervisors of military morale is to combat the influences which tend to depress the soldier. It comes with somewhat of a shock to learn just what are these influences and how potent, whether deliberately or innocently used.

The deliberate use of depressing influences is specially damnable—that is the only adequate word for it—not only because of their power to lower the soldier's morale, but the cruelty of the means they employ.

It is surprising and enraging to learn to what extent the suspicion that their wives are unfaithful to them is disseminated among soldiers. These rumors always are run down, but it is not always possible to find their sources; in the vast majority of cases it is, of course, easily proved that they are false.

The Army lists another common cause of depression in the lack of news from home. A soldier who gets letters regularly is in far better case than one who does not. That is why every effort is made to give the soldier the best mail service possible; every mail bears a mighty wave of stimulus with it, providing, of course, that the letters are the right kind, which the majority of them are.

The character of the news sent from home affects the Army profoundly. A letter telling how sick the family cow was and how badly father suffered from his rheumatiz, and describing all the sorrows of the neighborhood or breathing the heavy air of loneliness because of the absence of the son who is a soldier—why, if a psychological thermometer could be hung in the vicinity while that letter was being read, the temperature of the soldier's morale would be found to have dropped 50 degrees.

THE VALUE OF A GOOD HOME LETTER.

A letter is either a powerful weapon to be put into a soldier's hand to make him fight, or into his heart to make him droop.

Now, much of this has been said over and over in a perfunctory way, but there is one consideration that ought to make it of the most vital importance, namely that the soldier's chances of surviving a battle are doubled and trebled if he goes in with a high heart. Cheerful letters are actual life-savers. Let a boy receive a glum letter that disheartens him, then let the order come to go "over the top" and he is at a disadvantage. His safety depends on his freedom of mind to utilize the training he has had in attack and defense. Render him morose or sad or foreboding, so that he flags mentally, and his danger is enhanced. This is not mere gratuitous advice handed out by men guessing at it; it is the fact gleaned from wide experience.

Just before the terrible Italian defeat with its attendant slaughter, the Italian army had been honeycombed by mysteriously circulated reports, each bearing enough circumstantial trimming to make it plausible, that soldiers' wives were faithless. This, combined with other rumors whose purpose was the same, overthrew the spirit of the Italians.

The return of the Italian armies to their former high morale is not the result of military measures alone, but of the minute and extended investigation of thousands of individual rumors which were proved to be untrue, and a subsequent careful attention to all matters affecting morale.

The Military Morale section works in conjunction with every available civilian agency to assist in making more effective the work of all the great forces for better morale, such as the Y. M. C. A., Red Cross, K. of C., etc., by seeing that they are given all possible opportunities to serve. It sometimes happens that a soldier is depressed because there is need or suffering at home. Through the co-operation of civilian agencies on the spot, the need is supplied, the suffering is assuaged, and the good word is sent to the soldier concerned. Everything must be right in the soldier's life or he can not be the best soldier.

STUDYING THE MORALE OF THE CAMP.

Sometimes the influence that depresses morale is in the camp itself. A company, for example, shows a high percentage of disciplinary actions. Now, it may ordinarily be assumed that its members are no worse than those of other companies in the camp; so, the reason for their apparently worse conduct is investigated. Is it a slovenly company cook? An irascible captain? A devil-may-care leader who is always enticing the men into difficulties? An unnecessarily difficult camping place? or what?

The Morale Officer of the division investigates and, if the source of the trouble is removable, he removes it. Sometimes a word in the ear of a superior officer, who transmits that word to the subordinate commander is sufficient. The General Staff is interested in doing everything possible to remove causes of depression or unhappiness. Not that the soldier is coddled. "War is war, and the Army is the Army." But he is given a square deal all round.

The need for morale work reaches overseas, of course. There are here and there in the American Army in the United States men who are apparently loyal soldiers who, when they reach France, attempt to use an insidious form of influence on their fellows. One of the common forms of it is this:. The American is told that, if captured by the Germans, he will not be turned into a prison camp, but will be used by the German government in its plan to increase the German population. He is told that the German government prefers Americans for this work, as they regard the mixture of German and American blood as being very desirable and hope thus to rehabilitate the ravages of war which the population has suffered. Of course, this and similar attempts to disintegrate American morale are not successful, but they have been found and must be met.

THE MORAL TAINT IN ENEMY PROPAGANDA.

It is not a pleasant subject, but it is better frankly to expose it than to permit it the semi-concealed existence it has in the subterranean channels of public gossip, that much of the deleterious propaganda of this war has to do with immorality.

The country is honeycombed with rumors of the misbehavior of Red Cross nurses, people saying that they actually know of a large number on board a ship being sent back to America because their indiscretions unfitted them for further work. This is a lie of blackest infamy, but you would be astounded to know how widely it is circulated and, unfortunately, how often believed.

Why do people circulate and believe such stories? Outside the known purpose of active alien enemies in propagating these rumors, why do the mass of the people keep them going? It is a psychological situation which every experienced newspaper man can appreciate. People naturally believe that there is always an "inside story" which the general public does not know. If they can hear something that has not appeared in the press, like the "suppressed story" of the sinking of a troop-ship or the "secret" shooting of spies and deserters at a training camp, they imagine they have happened on something special and privileged. Their next step almost invariably is to make themselves of momentary note by circulating the news to their friends; and each friend in turn also becomes important to himself as the depository of confidential information, and he claims his share of the glory by telling it too. It is simply human nature over again. It has been actually tested by setting completely harmless rumors adrift in a camp and measuring the time it takes for 1,000 men to learn of them.

The morale of the nation thus is in the keeping of every citizen. Each loyal man and woman should make his or her ears a terminal where the Rumor stops forever as far as he or she is concerned, and if possible discover and report the source.

THE FOREIGN-BORN AMERICAN.

The Morale section also has taken hold of the problem of the foreign-language soldier in the training camps. In numerous instances his lot has not been a happy one. Because the study of English was

for many months optional with him—though many thousands studied and became fairly proficient in our language—he held his unit back; and he was usually given less desirable work to do because he was fit for nothing else.

Naturally, his morale went down to zero under such conditions. When the 82nd Division left Camp Gordon it had to slough off 2,000 foreign-speaking soldiers, and they were left apparently to undergo the same experience with the next division that trained there.

But in the meantime the Military Morale section got to work. It managed to have these foreign-born men reorganized into companies composed of their own racial brothers. It set over them officers who could speak their language. It made the study of English part of the day's work. And in a few weeks 85 per cent of those companies were in a high state of enthusiasm, and when reviewed by the commanding general they were pronounced fit comrades for American troops. Their ability had been drawn out of them; they began to feel that they "belonged;" they began to yell to go to France.

It is sometimes said that soldiers fight best when their homes are invaded. It sounds well, but there would seem to be some doubt of it. It may be that under such conditions soldiers fight more desperately, but desperate fighting is not always the best. If this were the prime stimulant to fighting, of course the American troops haven't got it. It would seem that troops fight best when they know why they are fighting and the significance of defeat or victory to their cause, and when their minds are freest from anxiety about their homes.

U. S. SOLDIERS KNOW WHY THEY FIGHT.

Thus every facility is given the American soldier to study for himself the reasons why we are at war. The best historians and the greatest statesmen have laid their reasons on the table for him to weigh. He is not told what to think. No psychological offensive is conducted to invade and destroy the stronghold of his mind. No suppressive measures are brought to bear on his opinion. But he is equipped with the facts and the issues of the world war.

And the result is that we have armies who not only can beat the enemy in battle, but could also beat him in an historical or political argument if that were necessary. Many a Fritz has come trembling into an American encampment to find his captors turning their intellectual guns on him. After he has been rendered harmless by capture they would rather convert than kill him. That is typically American.

An important feature of the work is done amongst pre-draft men. To some temperaments the weeks of waiting between the registration and the call are peculiarly trying. Some young fellows view it as their "last weeks of freedom" and proceed to have a high old time. Others are fearful of what they imagine to be the hardships of a soldier's life. The Provost Marshal General is instituting boards of instruction in the various communities to help the pre-draft man prepare for his new life, instead of progressively unfitting himself for it by riotous living. Lectures, motion pictures and other means are to be used to give the anxious boys an idea of just what the soldier's life is.

Everything is so human about this Military Morale work—even to the looking up of information for anxious friends, the letters written by appropriate local leaders to boys who have distinguished themselves, the arranging for a representative official of the community to call on parents who have been bereaved—everything is so human and so wise and so considerate, that it is a pleasure to chronicle it as part of the work of the General Staff for the soldiers and civilians of the country.

An Interview With the Secretary of the Navy

WASHINGTON, Aug. 15.—He reminds you of an elderly, virile family physician who is as well skilled in human nature as in his profession. A quiet voice commanding apt words; eyes wholly honest but by no means unsophisticated; a manner of quiet friendliness—it would be quite possible, without a second and more appraising glance, to be fooled in the man—to be fooled, that is, by imagining that he would be an easy man to fool. Converse with him a little and you will see many signs that he is not quite the man to come that trick upon.

Josephus Daniels has been one of the most ridiculed men in America. And that seems very strange when you meet him, for there is nothing about him upon which to hang ridicule. One suspects that the ridiculousness of the situation must have inhered in the point of view of his decriers; it must have inhered in a state of mind utterly unsympathetic with certain wholly unassailable ideals which this Secretary of the Navy holds.

Still, on meeting him, there seems nothing whatever strange in the fact that he survived the ridicule—survived it, not as many do, with scars to testify to their ordeal; but survived it without a scratch.

For something like a year, Josephus Daniels served as stock material for one of the best-known humorous weeklies in America. His Christian name itself was turned into material for sport, much of it unkind. And one of the most regular and most tickled readers of that weekly through its long campaign of refined ridicule was Mr. Daniels himself. He rather enjoyed the fencing skill of his witty antagonist.

Secretary Daniels has done many things, but there is one thing he has never done; and if ever he should begin to do it, you may set it down that a great change has come over the man:—he has never made spoken or written defense in reply to any criticism of himself. He doesn't believe in it.

Being a newspaper man of experience, he has been in some hard fights and given as good blows as he received; he has defended persons and causes with a fighter's zeal; but he early learned that if the thing you are trying to do does not speak for itself, nothing that you can say will make the least difference.

THE SECRETARY'S PERSONAL PHILOSOPHY.

Down in his state of North Carolina, there was a governor whose elections Mr. Daniels, as newspaper editor, had helped to win, and the time came when the governor's policies stirred up considerable popular criticism. Not being accustomed to public life, the governor was stung very sharply by the public prod; indeed, he was stung to reply. So he wrote out a defense of himself and his policies. Secretary Daniels says it was a most beautiful, true and adequate defense. And he brought it to Editor Daniels for publication.

"No," said he, "I'll not print it."

"Why?" asked the astonished governor.

"Because I'm your friend," quoth Editor Daniels.

"But if you were my friend, you would print my defense," the governor asserted.

"No, that is not the case at all," said the editor. "Now, look here a moment. This is a good defense. You have done an excellent piece

of work in it. If you don't want to burn it, lay it safely away somewhere. But don't print it. There is nothing you can write or say that your opponents cannot answer tomorrow. And then you'll have to defend yourself some more. And before you know it, the big thing will be the squabble and not these perfectly sound policies you are trying to establish. If you believe that what you are doing is right, go ahead with it. Your work will speak for you when the time comes."

That is the policy which Secretary Daniels himself follows.

The office he now holds is his first political office. He was a good enough newspaper man to believe that he ought not to entangle himself with outside obligations. He wouldn't even accept a membership on a local board. The only exception in his career was more than 20 years ago, when hard times struck the weekly newspaper he was running and he could not make a living with it. He obtained a chief clerkship in the Interior Department at Washington and edited his paper in his leisure hours.

When President Wilson offered him the post of Secretary of the Navy, he accepted it as a duty. And right there his troubles began. He became the butt of every jokester in America. The reasons therefor are rather interesting.

Back in Carolina, Josephus Daniels had been an Idealist—a practical idealist. (It is curious how often one must use that term in describing the higher lights of the present Administration.) Worse than being an Idealist, he was a Moralist. He believed that right was right and wrong was wrong. He was always using his paper to clean up something—liquor, the traffic in scarlet women, gambling, political crookedness—always something that he knew to be wrong.

He says he was fighting his own party most of the time, for in those days these public evils in his state happened to bask in the approving protection of Democratic politicians. They thought he was a crank on such things—a Sunday school enthusiast—not a red-blooded man of the world.

A DANIELS COME TO JUDGMENT.

The change to Washington worked no change in his ideas. He came to the Navy with new eyes, and he saw some things that, according to his Carolinian newspaper standards, were utterly wrong. For example: he had to pass on court-martial cases of sailors who had been convicted of smuggling a bottle of beer aboard ship, and yet he knew that sometimes those very sailors were required to serve champagne aboard ship to their officers! It did not seem square. In a matter of personal privilege involving food and drink it did not seem American that the enlisted men should be prohibited by Navy regulations from privileges which officers enjoyed without question. In questions of food and drink, mind you—not in such affairs as might justly be the subjects of distinction between officers and men.

So Secretary Daniels looked into the entire affair. He told me that he was surprised at the tendency to social autocracy which he found among certain sets of officers—never among the best officers, never among those who held the interests of the Navy closest their hearts, but only among "sets."

It seemed to him a logical conclusion that if liquor were bad for the enlisted men, the same principle should apply to the officers. But the "if" as to the badness of liquor did not exist in Josephus Daniels' mind; he had long been booze's enemy. So he did what to him was a perfectly sane and natural thing to do: he ordered liquor off all ships of the United States Navy.

Then the howl broke loose. Most of us remember it. A rural Moralist in Washington was running amuck with the sacred traditions of the Navy! Mr. Bryan's grape-juice sprees were innocent in comparison.

This shrewd, kindly-eyed man in the big building across from the White House knew what caused the initial storm. Officers themselves did not dare speak, but the "social sets" ashore, the weathy do-nothings of the principal ports whose social seasons were adorned by champagne suppers aboard American battleships in return for courtesies accorded the officers ashore—these were the first squealers.

The Secretary's order, being a black eye officially delivered upon the countenance of the liquor business, which even then was beginning to feel the first cold breeze of public disapproval and which resented any act that further damaged its reputation, the liquor business, too, struck back—and usually it struck through political channels. At any rate, there was a merry storm and, in the absence of good argument, ridicule was the favorite weapon used.

The upshot is well known. Secretary Daniels' order stood. The Navy remained boozeless. And now the Army is boozeless, too, by Government order. "He laughs best who laughs last," but Secretary Daniels doesn't laugh. He is too busy.

AN ENEMY OF CASTE IN NAVY.

Secretary Daniels had other "notions" the wisdom of which has been confirmed by the war. It was his belief that the enlisted man in the Navy ought to have a chance, so he opened Annapolis to enlisted men who should prove their fitness. To help them attain this fitness he established an educational system throughout the war fleets of the United States.

He wanted the enlisted men to feel that the Navy offered them a career in which every merit they achieved would be recognized. He utterly abolished caste in the Navy—the old rule of "once a sailor, never anything higher."

The result was that when war came it found the Navy on tip-toe, filled with zealous young men. The stifling system of caste had been done away. Probably nothing more revolutionary ever happened in the annals of the American Navy than the fact that this year's graduating class at Annapolis chose as its president a man who had come up from enlisted ranks.

Of course there was a howl when Secretary Daniels entered on this reform, but the farther-sighted officers were with him. The howl came again when he abolished the seniority rule. The upper official strata were filled with old men, whose subordinates were old men. The Navy really was in the control of cliques of old men who had nothing to look forward to but retirement with the rank of Rear Admiral. They were keeping back the younger, abler and more modernly trained men. Not that Secretary Daniels was for ousting all the older officers; he had no age prejudice. But he wanted the merit rule to control, and under that rule certain older officers held their places. But able younger officers moved up, and that was what he was after. Thus it came that when the United States entered the war the American Navy was commanded by men in their prime, and the energy, initiative, efficiency and success with which it has performed its part in the war has redounded to the credit of the soundness of Secretary Daniels' judgment.

IT TOOK TIME TO ACCOMPLISH IT.

Yet he is well aware that his entire career might have eventuated

in a very regrettable way. If he had been relieved of his position before his ideals had been given time to justify themselves in practice, he is aware that he would have been regarded as a wild theorist with not enough balance to carry the practical affairs of his post.

Or if "the man in the White House," as the Cabinet officers refer to the President, had shown by the least indication that Secretary Daniels' undertakings were embarrassing the Administration—an event which Mr. Daniels would have immediately acted upon by resigning—his policies would have remained uncompleted and the great public indorsement which has been his could not have come to him.

There has been a complete change in the attitude of the country toward Secretary Daniels, though there has never been a time when he was entirely destitute of defenders. But the achievements of the Navy, which are of a character that could never have been possible had the Secretary been the sort of man and official that his detractors portrayed him as being, have completely vindicated him.

That is not to say—at least Secretary Daniels himself would be the last man to claim—that the efficiency of the United States Navy in this war is entirely due to the Secretary. Even at the height of the storm, when everything seemed against him, he had 80 per cent of the officers with him, and he has always worked WITH the Navy, not outside of it or against it. So that, while he might have deterred the Navy from attaining its present standard of efficiency, and have received that discredit with interest, he necessarily shares the credit for the finer state of affairs with the officers who worked with him.

He names them over one by one in conversation, generously and even gratefully indicating the invaluable service each of them has rendered. He is proud of them. He is proud of being associated with them.

The Navy was the first to turn a cold shoulder to civilians seeking appointments which would give them bomb-proof jobs. Necessarily such jobs exist in the administrative work of every Army and Navy, but Secretary Daniels early made an order that anyone who wanted to work for the Navy had to enlist, and anyone who wanted a commission had to earn it.

THE NAVY SMOKES OUT THE PROFITEERS.

And it was Secretary Daniels who put up the initial fight with the profiteers. He makes a weary face when he thinks about it now, but he won out. Long before Government price-fixing came into vogue, Secretary Daniels was doing some price-fixing on his own account. And he had the full support of the President in doing so.

When the coal magnates raised the price to the Navy and haggled when the Secretary called them to account, he simply ordered them to deliver the coal and he would fix the price. They did. He brought the big steel barons to terms, too, by the same methods. And so with every one of the big essentials of Naval warfare and construction—torpedoes, powder, copper and oil.

One of Secretary Daniels' most noticeable characteristics is his excellent humor under pressure. He is still young in his mind. Many a subordinate 30 years old is much more aged than he—less mentally resilient, less responsive to the zest of life.

And perhaps a characteristic equally as notable is that he is still temperamentally capable of learning. No man has crossed the "dead-line" of age and usefulness while he still is willing to learn. The Navy has taught its Secretary many things, and in return he has served the Navy with all his heart and mind.

Secretary Daniels' office overlooks the White House lawn. It is a very large room, so large that the Secretary has a system of his own in receiving. Vistors are ushered in in groups. The room is so large that several conferences may proceed at the same time without interrupting one another.

A great globe stands in the center of the room, on which Secretary Daniels and his aides trace the movements and positions of the fleets. The globe is unmarked, however. Over the fireplace at the left of the Secretary's desk the sword of Paul Jones reposes in a glass case. On the massive desk is a photograph of one of the Secretary' sons, who is a private in the Marine Corps.

A BUSY MORNING IN THE NAVY OFFICE.

Two admirals come in for conference, and uniformed aides bring documents and messages. Business with civilians is disposed of by the Secretary in his walking tours around the room. There is a woman there, rather shabbily dressed. She talks long and earnestly to the Secretary, and he listens intently. The errand, whatever it is, saddens her, and it renders the Secretary very grave. However, as she leaves, a new hope seems to have sprung up in her heart.

Secretary Daniels had seen at least 100 persons that morning, and as 1 p. m. came around the room was cleared, a Negro attendant brought in a lunch covered by a white napkin and laid it on the sliding shelf of the desk. And then the head of the Navy settled himself in a chair for a talk.

He appears to be remarkably sturdy, and is of the unmistakable quizzical American type. He talks freely, frankly, man-to-man fashion. He had pleasant recollections of his Detroit visit and spoke admiringly of what he called "that newspaper temple," the new building of The Detroit News, which he had visited. One forgets the man's station in the simplicity of the man himself. He had accomplished a day's work already, had 11 hours of work yet to do, and yet appeared in perfect fettle.

Secretary Daniels has the habit of carrying his important work home with him. The interruptions of the office are too numerous to permit of concentrated study upon problems that require very particular decision. He works until 11 o'clock and then "shuts off," as he expresses it. He stays in bed eight hours whether he can sleep or not. It is impossible for him to follow one of his favorite rules, however—not to worry. He does worry sometimes, "because some things get one hard." And sometimes it is the worry that interferes with sleep, but he rests his eight hours in bed just the same.

He knows what the men out at sea expect of him, and what the men in France expect of the Navy, and what the people expect, and what "the Man in the White House" expects, and he is conscientiously trying to deliver the goods. Public opinion and naval achievements say that he is succeeding.

The Navy Was Ready to Fight!

WASHINGTON, Aug. 16.—The United States Navy has the distinction of having entered the war before war was declared. Almost a month before the declaration, the Navy was arming merchantmen against ruthless submarine attacks and was supplying armed guards to accompany ocean commerce.

Five days before war was declared the Navy had lost a man in this dangerous work.

When active hostilities seemed unavoidable, Admiral Sims was sent abroad to consult with the British and French admiralties.

And when, April 6, the American Government officially declared that Germany had instituted a state of war against us, the Navy was ready. Not an hour's preparation was needed. In 28 days the first destroyer flotilla reported for duty in European waters. In 60 days the first units of the naval air force were landed in France. And on July 3—in less than three months—the first contingents of the American Expeditionary Force disembarked at a French port, having suffered two severe submarine attacks on the voyage across.

The record of the Navy is that it was ready. It was not the largest Navy in the world; in point of weight at that time it ranked fourth; but in quality it ranked second to none. And every pound of weight was in fighting trim.

Today the United States Navy is on duty in all parts of the world. It is in the war zone of Ireland, England and France. It co-operates with the Italian Navy in the Mediterranean Sea. It is in Asiatic waters, from Vladivostok to the Philippines. It patrols the American coast east and west, north and south, availing itself in South American waters of the co-operation of the Brazilian fleet. It patrols the entrances to the Panama Canal, supplementing the heavy coast artillery defenses there. In addition it convoys the military transports and supplies that cross the Atlantic; with the British and French navies it controls that ocean.

And, remarkable as indicating the strength it has added since war began, it has ships enough to do all this work and is continually getting more. It now maintains 250 vessels of war in European waters, manned by 45,000 trained American fighters, whose energy and skill have made the seas more unsafe for the submarine than the submarine can now make the sea for other vessels.

FIRST CHOICE OF THE VOLUNTEER.

When war began, the officers and enlisted men in the regular Navy and Marine Corps numbered 82,738. There are now over 510,000 all told. The Navy has been first choice for the American volunteer, because it seemed to promise rapid transit to the scene of operations. Enlistments have run as high as 12,000 a week, and so great has been the attraction of this branch of war service that recently the Provost Marshal General has been compelled to call a halt on the Naval enlistment of men who are in the draft.

The extensions and new facilities the Navy had to acquire to cope with its task and train the thousands who offered themselves, makes such a story as even efficient America will be astonished to hear.

When war began the Great Lakes Naval Training Station could accommodate 2,500 men. Today it accommodates 40,000 and is still growing. It is now the largest naval training station in the world,

and its peculiar distinction is that it is situated a thousand miles from salt water. The Great Lakes themselves are the school yards of the American Navy.

New camps and stations have been built along both coasts. The old Jamestown Exposition grounds and the Pine Beach properties adjoining on Hampton Roads, Va., have been made a great fleet operating base—the first the Navy ever had. There is now a camp for 10,000 men and accommodations at that point have been doubled. Here are being erected great warehouses, for stores and fleet supplies; piers and docks; barracks and recreation grounds, and when completed it will compare favorably with the great fleet bases of Europe.

The San Diego Exposition grounds have been taken over and utilized for naval training and supply purposes.

Down at Gulfport, Miss., they were preparing for a big centennial Exposition, when the war began and made the plan inadvisable. Mississippi tendered the grounds to the Government, and today they are serving the Navy.

And so at Pelham Bay and Newport and wherever the Navy had space to expand, facilities have been increased and the power of the fleets has steadily grown.

WATCH THE NAVY GROW.

Thirteen hundred war vessels of all types have been added to the Navy since April, 1917. They are in excess of 1,000,000 in total tonnage. There are hundreds of American-built submarines operated by American Naval forces. All the destroyers the yards could turn out have been put into service. Mine sweepers, swift pursuit vessels, auxiliary vessels of all kinds have been built and commissioned by the hundreds. And the war building program, including the ships built since the war began and those yet to be completed, comprise 1,000 vessels of all types, from dreadnaughts to Ford "Eagles" and submarine chasers.

Great hopes are depending on the American destroyers, and they are giving ample assurance that the hopes are not ill-founded. The destroyer, contrary to the common opinion, is one of the hardest of all ships to build. It holds the same place in the world of naval construction that the finest Swiss watch holds in the world of watchmaking.

It compresses the hugest engine power and speed into the smallest compass. Its 28,000 horse-power is equal to that of a dozen good-sized merchantmen. The United States proceeded to construct them on such a large scale that large new shipyards, forging and engine plants were necessary throughout the country to build and equip them.

The largest destroyer plant in the world is at Squantum, Mass., built from a swamp in six months. Five keels were laid there in one day. Only recently a destroyer has been launched there in just three months after its keel was laid. At Mare Island Navy Yard a destroyer was launched in 17½ days after its keel was laid, and the time between laying the keel to putting her into commission was 70 days.

The United States today is building more destroyers than any two navies possessed when the European war began, and is building them in from a half to a third of the time formerly required.

The largest and fastest battle cruisers in the world—a type of battleship which two years ago was beyond the dreams of naval constructors—are being built from American plans in an American shipyard. They have a displacement of 35,000 tons, develop 180,000 horsepower and attain the speed of a destroyer; they will make at least 35 knots, or 40 miles, an hour.

THE NAVY CARRIED THE ARMY ACROSS.

Before it was known how extensively American military forces would have to enter the war, there was never a doubt as to the part the Navy would have to play. It has always been regarded as our first line of defense. It was a foregone conclusion that the Navy would not only guard our shores, but take a large part in the work of driving the submarine from the seas. It has fallen out, however, that the heaviest program of work cut out for our Navy has at every point been greatly exceeded.

The single task of transporting troops is a colossal one, for it must be remembered that "the Army is the passenger of the Navy" from the time it marches up the gangplank of a troopship, until its disembarks at a "French port." The Navy has convoyed more than 1,600,000 soldiers over the seas, with all their supplies, and not a single troop transport, convoyed by American warships, has been sunk while on its way to Europe.

The Navy controls the bulk of American traffic of the sea. Where merchantmen are still privately operated, the Navy supplies armed guards with a view to conserving shipping and protecting life.

Over the ocean vessels engaged in war work the Navy has complete control—it mans and operates the ships. Naval discipline is necessary to the operation of the majority of vessels in these times.

Its work is vast and unrelenting. The qualities it requires—the vigilance, knowledge, courage and efficiency—are of the highest. And not the United States only, but all the world is now aware how proud its achievements have been.

A SERVICE OF DIVERSIFIED SPECIALTIES.

The more one knows of the Navy the higher does one's respect mount. Naval service is the most highly specialized of all. A battleship is a home, a city and a fortress on a single keel. It requires a greater variety of skill to manage than any other single piece of military machinery. Over 100 specific and distinct kinds of experience and ability are necessary to the life of a battleship. Nearly every trade and many of the professions are required. Pharmacists and plumbers; machinists and munition experts; pattern makers and printers; sailmakers and gunners; experts in the care and repair of delicate instruments, and highly trained navigators; engineers and carpenters and bakers and cooks—these are a few ratings chosen at random.

And every man in the Navy must possess a varied knowledge. He must know ship customs and military drill, the laws of the sea and the ways of the land. The officers are meteorologists and oceanographers; they must know the ways of the sky and the sea, the hidden paths of the great deep, and the mysteries of the mighty piece of enginery they command. They must also know many of the profundities of human nature and how to keep it normal in the weeks and months that are passed between the gray sky and the gray sea, with danger lurking near to dart the sudden fiery death.

The Navy fights not only on the waters and beneath the waters, but in the air. It maintains coastal air stations along the seaboard, and while destroyers hunt the submarine upon the waters, naval aviators hunt its shadow beneath the waters and make it the target of deadly depth bombs.

The Navy is not entirely dependent on private enterprise for all its supplies, though it is obvious that only the largest use of private sources could maintain so massive an institution. But it operates many ordnance plants, some of which have always been owned by the Government, others of which have been requisitioned for the war.

One Naval gun factory employs 10,000 men. The Navy makes powder, torpedoes and mines. It makes some of its own armor plate. It manufactures many of its own binoculars and optical instruments, and has a splendid record in this important field.

The Navy also has a number of inventions to its credit. It has perfected an American type of depth bomb. It has perfected a smoke-producing apparatus for making smoke screens to conceal ships, though "vessels having the necessary gun power prefer usually to engage in gun duels rather than escape in a smoke screen." The American type of sea-mine is perhaps the most perfect in use today. Besides this, a non-ricochetting shell for use on submarines has been developed. Formerly shells were deflected by the force with which they struck the water; now they keep their course and go straight to their mark.

INVENTIVE GENIUS OF THE NAVY.

The Navy also is justly proud of its record in squelching the tendency to profiteeering. It early eliminated all middlemen's profits by insisting on the system of direct bidding, and it has steadily brought pressure to bear on production and costs to such an extent that the prices it pays have decreased below the points that obtained when the war began.

In investigating and writing about one branch of the service, it is difficult to give it full credit without seeming to make it so efficient as to overshadow other branches. It is so when writing about the Army, or about any particular department of the Army. Each department is accomplishing so much, and the plane of each is so high as to leave hardly any margin for comparative emphasis. A view of the whole war-making activity of our Government simply breaks the backs of adjectives. The facts themselves are so numerous and so far above ordinary conceptions of achievement that they fairly stun the mind with the mighty monotone of their greatness.

But no praise is too high for the Navy. No praise is too high for the Army. No praise is too high for the program which American ideals have mapped out as to the purpose and issues of the war. They all combine to make one triumphant exposition of the might and soul of America.

Still one's thoughts linger with the Navy. We are not far from the sea here. Not many miles away a submarine was operating recently. The high aerials, which stand like spires of filigree on the nearby Virginia hills are always catching messages from across the waters. And up and down our coast, up and down the perilous coasts of the war zones, upon the seven seas, the sailors of America are keeping watch and ward for the homeland.

The great gray cruisers, the swiftly darting patrols and the eagle-like destroyers are guarding the sea lanes, clearing them of the rattlesnakes of the deep. No American can think of them without a lifting of the heart, wishing there were a mighty sea song to celebrate the constancy and courage of the officers and men of the United States Navy.

Mobilizing the American Mind

WASHINGTON, Aug. 17.—The American public has been better informed about all phases of the European war since its beginning than has any other nation. For the first three years we had more news from the German side than the German people themselves, and even now the corps of correspondents who knew Germany intimately are able to interpret to us what is going on in that country. Since our own entry into the war, the press of the United States has been more untrammeled than any other in the world.

We do not fully realize what this means, because we have no background of experience of the lengths to which military censors may go. Americans never yet have seen their newspapers appear with entire columns blacked out, or left blank to show that the type has been hastily removed under Government order. We have witnessed no direct suppression of American publications.

When this is considered in all its lights, it is seen to be one of the most interesting phases of self-government. The trend of the military mind—with some notable exceptions: the present Chief-of-Staff of the United States Army is one—is dead against publicity, not only harmless publicity, but any kind. This does not indicate an antipathy to the public, but merely one of the limitations of the specialist type of mind. A scientific expert often is as shy. But it must be said that the Army is gradually learning that an informed public is as necessary to success as a brave firing line—and it is the press that has taught the Army this. To even the score, the Army has taught the public many things.

When war came it was immediately assumed that the United States would establish a military censorship over the press as other countries had done. No other course seemed to suggest itself. Laws were drafted to that effect, though they were not passed. At one time the President himself seemed inclined to believe Government censorship was the only way by which military news could be handled. Gradually he came to see that perhaps self government was as possible in this matter as in others; also he was thoroughly alive to the fact that the end desired was not to keep information from the people, but to give them as much as possible without compromising military plans.

So that gradually the idea of censorship was modified from a complete stoppage or only an anemic flow of news to a selective system by which all the news not of military value to the enemy could be given out.

This change really was a great victory for the American idea of self control. It was decided to give the press and public a chance to show what they could do in co-operation with the Government; and they have shown it so well that "censorship" is a term no longer applicable to intranational communication.

GEORGE CREEL, AMERICA'S SUPER-PUBLICIST.

One man who despite a thousand criticisms must be given credit for a large part in establishing this condition is George Creel. Mr. Creel had hardly any acquaintance with President Wilson when he was called to organize the work of a Committee on Public Information, but he did come to Washington strongly opposed to an iron-clad censorship. He believed the American newspaper would censor itself, if it were told how, and he further believed that the more news could be given out consistently with the safety of other interests, the better.

You have heard of George Creel, of course. Most of us have taken a crack at him in our time. And it is quite possible that an overdriven man—he worked 18 hours a day the first few months—said and did things which, judged by a restful mind and at the distance of 1,000 miles, seemed to deserve criticism. And besides, never having been a politician, Mr. Creel may have spoken with directness instead of diplomacy to certain persons who had power to make him uncomfortable in his job.

Mr. Creel began his work with an unfortunate incident. The first American transports had arrived in France on or about July 4, and a great Fourth of July story was launched which told of torpedo attacks on the way across. Everybody was excited. It was our first shipment of troops, our first attack, and the time was very tense. A correspondent in Europe eluded the censor with a story that there had been no torpedo attack, and immediately the storm broke on Creel's head. He had the information from the Navy Department, but he was accused of dressing it up.

THE FIRST ATTACK ON TRANSPORTS.

The country sputtered with indignation and recrimination. It looked bad for Creel. The people preferred to believe that he had exaggerated or falsified; they preferred not to believe that an attack had been made. But I have read the report which was made from France by Rear Admiral Gleaves, July 12, 1917, which for all its bald terminology is far more thrilling than anything printed in the American papers of July 4.

The troop transports were attacked from both sides; torpedoes crossed each other from starboard to port and from port to starboard, by the bow and astern. And not only were submarine attacks fought off June 22 but on June 26 also, and submarines sighted and fired on, June 28.

I have also read the report of Admiral Sims on how the correspondent's story of denial was sent to America. The correspondent, of course, was branded as a liar and discharged.

But there are still hosts of people who believe that Creel's imagination was working overtime that day in an effort to invent a good Fourth of July story.

Mention should not be omitted of another service which Mr. Creel's insistence has rendered the people in the interests of publicity. The military authorities desired that casualty lists should not include the addresses of men mentioned in them. This, of course, made for widespread anxiety in the case of thousands of homes.

There were many Dave Joneses and many James Kellys in the Army, and simply to list the names without stating whether it was James Kelly, of Flint, or James Kelly, of Omaha, who was wounded or killed, was to cause unnecessary distress. The military authorities, principally Gen. Pershing, stood firm for the omission; but with the assistance of newspapers which, like The Detroit News, refused to print the casualty lists without the addresses, the concession finally was won.

CHAMPIONS THE WIDEST PUBLICITY.

It is not going beyond the bare fact, therefore, to say that Mr. Creel has been the agent of the widest publicity in this war. He believes in it. All his life he has been using it. He knows what a force for safety and unity it is.

As one result of this, there are more American correspondents at

the front today than from any other nation. When the military authorities complained that we had more war correspondents than the French and British combined, Mr. Creel countered with the assertion that our Allies' troops were not drawn from so wide a stretch of the earth's territory as were the Americans, and were not fighting 3,000 miles from home. The greater distance, the wider territory to be covered with the news, required more correspondents, he said, and he won his point.

This is not to intimate in any way that the Committee on Public Information was always or ever at sword's points with the military men, for it must be remembered that the Secretary of War, the Secretary of the Navy, and the Secretary of State are members, with Mr. Creel, of the committee. It was merely the clash of two points of view in the presence of an entirely new situation, and each side, learning something from the other, made concessions by which the public is the gainer.

But this is not all the work of the Committee on Public Information. It has assumed the task of mobilizing the mind of the country. It not only endeavors to open the sources of war news, but it has mobilized the educational forces of the country to instruct the people in the causes and purposes of the war. To this end it has built up an organization which only war times and the volunteer spirit could create.

METHODS OF INFORMING A NATION.

It has an organization of 35,000 speakers who campaign for every war-making activity of the Government—the Army, Navy, Shipping Board, Liberty Loans, War Saving Stamps, Red Cross and other patriotic interests. It reaches from the greatest theater in the land to the school-house at the four-corners. It sends war heroes on tours and exhibits notable groups like the "Blue Devils" and the Belgians from their Russian journey.

It originates and manages the great advertising campaigns of the Government, having enlisted—in some cases, where the man had private means, at $1 a year, in other cases at bare living salaries—the best writers, artists and advertising men in the nation. Free advertising space to the amount of $35,000,000 has been donated to the Government through its efforts.

It brings out the Government motion pictures, like "Pershing's Crusaders," the "Official War Review" and other such films. It shows pictures of troops abroad and in training at home. Its object is to acquaint the people with what is being done and to inform pre-draft men of the kind of life that awaits them.

It maintains offices for the dissemination of legitimate news in every capital in the world, except Berlin and Vienna, but is penetrating Austro-Hungary at various points, and uses the air service to circulate statements of American aims in Germany.

The Germans have motion pictures of American life, but they deal with such subjects as "Gyp the Blood," "The Disappearance of Dorothy Arnold" and similar sensational American crimes, giving a false impression of our country and its people. European papers seldom print American news, other than of crime. President Wilson's speeches made the first big break for America into the foreign press. Mr. Creel's agencies send out 1,000 words a day to every part of the world, news that fairly represents our life.

Creel's organization makes the widest use of the foreign language press to bring the mandates and counsels of the government to those who never could understand them in English and he also sees that they print generous quantities of matter stimulative of an intelligent interest in American institutions which, for the most part, they are glad to do.

It is rather proud of its work among America's adopted peoples of 33 distinct nationalities and of the extent to which they have been won to assist in the war of which they, too, will be the beneficiaries.

It is censor of all the photographs of military nature that are printed in the United States.

It promotes a very important work, the nature of which is to bring employer and employes together in closer unity for the winning of the war.

It supplies material to thousands of country papers and the best writers in the country prepare the matter without salary. Indeed, to read a list of the volunteer writers for this Committee is to see literary America in action without a single notable exception.

It arranges exhibits of battle trophies and war material for state fairs to help the people visualize the task of Government and give them data which will enable them to follow more intelligently the progress of the war.

Besides, it prints a daily paper which has a circulation of 110,000 copies.

THEY BELONG TO THE VOLUNTEERS.

And it does all this with 215 paid employes and 25,000 volunteers.

With these agencies combined under one head and with one object in view, working ceaselessly day and night all around the world and with free access to any sort of help it needs from the world of literature or scholarship or business, it is not difficult to understand how together they constitute the most amazing mobilization of the public mind ever attempted by a democracy.

Perhaps Mr. Creel is proudest of all about a thing he did not achieve, but which confirms his idea. He did not achieve the success of the voluntary censorship; the honor and patriotism of American newspapers did that. But Mr. Creel believed they could and would do it, when he fought that they be given the chance; and they have proved him to be right. The voluntary censorship is 99 per cent observed, and in the one per cent of failure the cause is not antagonism, but mere slips of judgment or accident.

When you want to measure the freedom of a country, find out how free its press is. Measured by that standard the United States still is the freest land in the world, with a freedom self-controlled.

And it is such a freedom as enhances our national strength, instead of betraying it.

Within our borders there is freedom for everything except that which would destroy our freedom.

dustries in quantities that would enable them all to work. And in the case of there being sufficient of any material for both private and war enterprises, the latter were given priority of service and delivery.

But it was in very few of the prime essentials that a sufficient stock existed to supply both the Government and general business, and it was problematical how soon the rate of production could be adjusted to render such a double supply possible, so that another duty was forced on the War Industries Board, further Conservation—not only conserving the stocks already on hand, but so adjusting the whole commercial process of the nation as to conserve material even when ordinary business had resumed its activity.

The war has revealed one fact of immeasurable importance, namely, that our peace-time manner of living has been extremely extravagant and wasteful. We have simply reveled in the most lavish production and use of every kind of material. And not that only, but we have built up a business system on the principle of quick sales rather than of long use. We have changed styles annually and seasonally and sometimes oftener for the sole purpose of "speeding up" business and at the cost of a shameful waste of material.

We have wasted more in the margins of such styles and changes than most European nations ever used in the ordinary course of living.

It was not a money waste; money cannot be wasted—it remains somewhere for use; but it was a waste of material, of the produce of the earth, of the labor and time required for that production—such a waste as no other nation has ever attained, and in the region of the irrecoverable.

CHANGING THE PURPOSE OF PRODUCTION.

The problem of the War Industries Board—or rather one of its many problems—was the reconstruction of American commercial life upon the principle of Use. Things were to be made honestly for Use, for a long period of use, and not for a fictitious speeding up of business won at the cost of a waste of material absolutely terrible to contemplate in these clearer seeing days.

Take agricultural implements, for example. By agreement with the industry, the Government has recommended the discontinuance of the manufacture of 3,000 types of tillage instruments alone. This will not affect the efficient working of the farm in the least, while it will conserve millions of dollars of capital and millions of pounds of steel. What did these 3,000 types of implements represent? Mainly frills, added for the purpose of creating a new style, which in turn creates a new desire to possess, which in turn results in a new sale where ordinarily a new sale would not have been made. The new frill gave the salesman a new "talking point"; it "speeded up business"; but it required an increased use of steel, a heavier investment of capital; it involved a larger stock on hand and required larger storage and shipping space.

These elements—material, money, labor and transportation space—are now war essentials and are not to be wasted on mere style. The standard type implement will serve; the salesmen can do something more pertinent to the winning of the war.

There were 303 types of plows manufactured in this country. The number to be manufactured during the war period has been reduced to 65. There were 300 types of drills and corn planters. The number has been reduced to 10. There were 107 types of harrows being made and sold. The number has been reduced to 44.

Or take automobile tires. Invention and competition have been so

active in this special field that no less than 300 types of tires were manufactured in this country. The number has been reduced to 44.

Of the hundreds of types of farm wagons made in this country, involving a ruinous use of material that stood idle awaiting sale, only five styles are now permitted, and these have their width of track, style of tire, wheel diameters and carrying capacities standardized.

Indeed, in that word "standardized" you have one of the methods of conserving materials. When you standardize the styles you save material, you diminish the quantity of standing stock, you release labor to more useful purposes and you free capital to do the work of war winning.

WAR STABILIZES THE FASHIONS.

The styles of men's clothing manufactured in this country were legion. Within recent years that term "style" has come to have a masculine connotation; there were more men's than women's styles. The standardization order has reduced the number of styles to a necessary few. Only 10 models of sack coats are now permitted to be manufactured.

Double-breasted overcoats are now a garment of the past. Such trouser adornments as pocket-flaps, peg-topped legs, straps at back and sides are under the ban. Pleats are ordered discontinued as a waste of cloth. Double coats with detachable linings for civilian use are ordered out of the list. And the multitude of men's hat styles have been reduced to a minimum.

Another method of conservation is education in the use of substitutes. Not that we have reached the "ersatz" stage of the Germans, whereby the genuine is supplanted by an imitation, but we have come to the point of substituting for war essentials less valuable material. Blank books, for example, formerly were bound in leather; cloth is recommended now, because leather is a war essential. Furniture formerly was held together by steel fixtures; wooden contrivances are used now, because steel is a war essential. The old methods of manufacturing metal beds required so large a quantity of steel that the number of styles has been greatly reduced, and the size and height of the posts and the head and foot pieces have been cut down.

Your merchant pastes a strip of paper at the opening of your parcel where formerly he used string, because cordage has become a war necessity; and he has cut down the number of his deliveries and has recommended that you carry parcels when you can, because labor and vehicles have become absolutely essential to winning the war. All these changes are directed from Washington.

CONSERVATION OF SHIPPING SPACE.

Not only the conservation of material and labor is sought by the War Industries Board, but also the conservation of shipping space. Our transportation problem has two ends—one concerns the extent of the transportation facilities themselves, the other the use we make of them. The problem is being solved from both ends—not only are the facilities being increased, but we are making such as we possess go further.

It is the old problem of packing a trunk, one packer requires the space of two trunks, another can make one trunk space do. The war has simply taught us how to pack twice as much into the trunk. The United States has shipped 1,300,000 men to France with all their equipment and supplies in the face of conditions which made all the world pronounce it an impossibility. This has been done not because an unexpected flood of shipping dropped down from the skies, but because we have discovered better ways of utilizing shipping space.

The story of methods by which the same space has been made to accommodate twice the former amount of material, would make a tale in itself. We pack men differently than we used to. We pack material differently, too. Not an inch of space is wasted. What can be shipped in "knocked down" form is shipped that way. Hollow articles are always shipped filled. This, with the reduction of the enormous number of styles of the same kind of articles formerly shipped, has helped our internal transportation difficulties in a wonderful way.

American business has just one business now, just one order—WIN THE WAR. There is no other business with prior call. All money, material and labor must head up on that one primary essential—winning the war.

How has American business met this new demand? How has it adjusted itself to the fundamentally changed condition? On the whole, very well. A few recalcitrants appeared, a few who apparently failed to see that profit-making was not the chief end of man. Those who regarded the Declaration of Independence as a business charter and the Constitution of the United States as a commercial contract, have had their eyes opened and their minds enlightened. Some also regarded the war as the chance of a lifetime to get rich quick; these, too, are chastened now. But on the whole, considering how new was the experience and how radical the changes required, American business has toed the mark and has exhibited in admirable degree the Will to Win.

The policy of the Government has been to conserve, enlarge and stimulate productive agencies. Neither in contract prices nor in wages was there to be any lack of stimulant to intense industry. A wise distribution was made as between civilian and military necessities—civilian necessities had to be met, to enable us to meet the other. The whole nation is at war, and the workshops and offices are part of the battle line. All had to be mobilized and all had to be cared for after mobilization. That is the wise and necessary way.

WHAT HAPPENS IF BUSINESS BUCKS?

But suppose a business concern refuses to see its duty. Suppose it prefers to work on the production of an article not essential to the life of the people or the prosecution of the war—what happens? Such a concern is simply shut off from its supplies. It cannot get steel or leather or oil or any other prime war essential, because it is not on the list of essential industries, and the materials are only sent to essential industries.

Such materials as it is able to buy, it cannot have delivered, because the Federal Railway Administration fails to find its name on the list of firms to which prompt deliveries must be made to keep the war work moving.

And it cannot get fuel to generate power for its machinery, because the Fuel Administrator does not find it on the list of industries for which fuel is essential.

It is simply out of the game—out, by its own choice. It is an industry without a country. The Big Job offers work for all, but this recalcitrant has preferred to stand out. No direct punishment is visited on it; no compulsion brought to bear. It is simply off the line of supply.

No bank will lend it money, because money is mobilized, too, and is held for work on war essentials, nothing else. And, in due time, the public begin to understand its course and shun it. The slacker industry occupies just as uncomfortable and as untenable a position as the slacker individual.

Without American industry, American victory will be impossible. The Flag above the factory pledges to as vital a part in the battles for Democracy as the Flag above the soldiers in France. United, American industry and military strength stand invincible; divided, both fall.

Holding the Workshop Sector

WASHINGTON, Aug. 21.—A pessimist, or one unable to see the Truth because of the Facts, would have a splendid opportunity in this article to "view with indignation and alarm" and to cry chaos and calamity to his heart's content.

He would need only this single fact to go on; that if the enemy nations had as much labor trouble in a year as the United States has had in any month since the war began, Germany would be so badly beaten behind her lines that her armies would collapse.

It sounds bad, and it is bad, but it isn't the whole story. If I wished, I could challenge your attention to this story by an arrangement of the facts that would lend itself to red ink, exclamation points and all the signs of imperative alarm. But I am reduced to the necessity of asking you to peruse a story which endeavors to set forth in a sane and balanced way the situation as it is.

American Labor is still a volunteer, with no compulsion save its own conscience. Whenever conscription of labor has been mentioned, the American workman has drawn back as if he mistrusted it. The conscription of men for the battlefield is acknowledged to be wise and just; the conscription of wealth is recognized as an unquestionable function of the Government in times of emergency; but the conscription of labor has seemed to have a suggestion of tyranny about it which caused workmen to regard it with doubt. No one can consider the entire question from the vantage point which Washington offers without very keenly feeling how dangerous a distrust has been created in our country by the industrial injustices and oppressions of which the conscienceless part of capital has been guilty. The war has revealed the cleavage to be deep indeed, so deep that a common interest in a common cause, a common duty to meet a common emregency has been a long time bridging it over.

THE GLORY OF VOLUNTARY PATRIOTISM.

This article is not even remotely a plea for the conscription of labor. My impression is that the Government wishes to avoid that if possible. But the increasing demand consequent upon the needs of an Army which will go on increasing until the war is won, also consequent upon the new energy with which America is determined to push the war to its finish, will require no less than 25,000,000 workers all engaged on the Big Job and sticking to it as the soldier sticks to his post, until the job is done.

That is not mere rhetoric; it is the naked truth.

If American labor will give the Government this service in a voluntary manner, that is the way the Government prefers to have it. The day doubtless will come when labor will lose its suspicion of what has been called "conscription of labor" and will see the entire question from the standpoint of the war; but if when that insight arrives, conscription will have been rendered unnecessary by the loyal and voluntary support of the workmen and the workshops, the glory of it will be very great.

The difficulty with the American labor situation has never been disloyalty, but only disorganization. In spite of that condition the country has got on fairly well thus far, but it could not have gone much longer without a change. We have only been beginning. We are now entering on a stage that is going to test our resources and our will, and organization has become imperative. That was all that conscrip-

tion of labor ever contemplated—simply an analysis of the industrial man power of the nation and its organization for efficiency. The Government now is seeking the same end by other means, which shall be described in a moment.

IF ARMIES WERE RUN LIKE SOME SHOPS.

To get a clear understanding of what labor disorganization has meant, view it under the figure of an army. Suppose we had gone about assembling an army as we have had to go about gathering industrial backing for the Army. Suppose the Army were handled as labor for the Army has been handled. Then we would have a condition something like this: men from Kansas would be traveling to Pennsylvania to get a place in Pennsylvania regiments, only to discover on their arrival that the Pennsylvania regiments were filled, but that Kansas regiments were crying for men. Colonels of unfilled regiments would be coaxing men away from fully-manned regiments, and so keeping the units always more or less disorganized. Soldiers who disliked their captain's manner would be quitting to go to work for some other captain. Soldiers with the wanderlust would roam from place to place, signing up for a week or two, and then leaving for another point. Out west there would be more men than regiments, and down east there would be more regiments than men.

How long would it take to get an army under such conditions? Why, there would never be an army at all.

Now, the fact is that when you correct all these faults and organize your army on military lines, you can't even then have an army if the same sort of disorganization exists in the industrial army behind the lines. Our Army at the front requires 25,000,000 workers of all kinds —the industrial soldiers at home—to keep it intact. But when that industrial army is disorganized when it is traveling in search of jobs where there are no jobs, when it is quitting its jobs at the rate of from three times to 30 times a year, when it is slowing down production by these changes and absolutely stopping production by strikes, how is the Army out there in the trenches going to be held together? It simply cannot be done.

THE VICTORY SHOT TO BE FORGED HERE.

It cannot be too seriously said that you might as well load the American Army aboard transports and allow it to float unprotected in the war zones of the sea, as to send it to France to fight and then forget it while capital and labor carry on their own squabble at home.

The war is first to be won in the workshops. The material that at last forces peace will have been forged before that in American workshops. Victory will be delivered by American workmen to the soldiers overseas, and then the soldiers will "put it across." But they can't do it—they never can do it—until the workshop forges it and sends it. The final shot of victory will have been manufactured weeks before in America. If the manufacturing falls down, that shot will never be fired. This is a war of workshops.

"What does this mean?" asks a workman. "Must we submit to industrial injustice, to prove our loyalty? Must we permit our hard-won labor rights to perish, that we may not be regarded as disloyal? Must we keep silent about the profiteering at the top of business, and accept what is given us because we are Americans? Must the workman sacrifice all and the capitalist nothing?"

As I said, industrial injustice has served the nation a mean trick, now that war has come. There is at present sadly too little feeling that both Capital and Labor are banded together in a fellowship of

sacrifice. Rather there is a feeling that Capital is getting unjustly rich and that Labor ought to grab off its share while the grabbing is good. If Labor could be shown that Capital is sacrificing, too, there would be no difficulty. But a serious doubt exists in the mind of Labor about that.

AS THE GOVERNMENT SEES IT.

What are the facts as they appear here at the seat of Government?

The first fact is that the Government does not wish labor to suffer or to sacrifice in any way that will reduce its efficiency. When the Government trains a man to be a soldier it cares for him in the very best way as to his food, clothing, hours of work, housing, health and recreation. It doesn't overwork him, underfeed him, unhealthily house him or assign him hours that undermine his strength and efficiency.

Likewise, the Government wishes the workman to keep all the rights he has won through labor unions. It wishes his hours to be such as shall keep him in good productive fettle. It wishes his wages to yield himself and family sustenance and comfort up to the best American standard, and also to give him a sense that he is being amply paid for whatever he does for the Government. These principles have been declared in so many words. All the Government asks of labor is to Produce—PRODUCE!

The second fact is that the Government has instituted machinery to correct instances where these desirable things are not forthcoming. While it is regarded as unpatriotic to strike merely to take advantage of the emergency or as a step in wage-profiteering, it is not required that workmen should permit themselves to be misused in the name of patriotism. Even under the plan which proposed labor conscription it never was intended to abolish the right to strike for a square deal. American labor has its rights and the Government wants it to have them and will help it to get its rights where they are withheld. But strikes which amount to conspiracies to hold up the supplies for the armies are in another category.

The third fact is that the Government will have no profiteering at all, among employers or employes. A deal of harm has been done by the mistaken notion of the extent to which profiteering has obtained in this war. There has never been so little profiteering in our history as in this war. It began and ended with the contracts between European governments and American firms before the United States declared war. And what profiteering has existed in strictly American war work has been mostly among people who obtained contracts and sold them to the manufacturer for a price—contract brokers, as they were called. The broker was the profiteer; the manufacturer was the "goat."

PROFITEERING IS A FORM OF TREASON.

But the contract broker is no more; the Government is fixing prices according to the cost of production of each contract. This cost includes a wage sufficient to make the workman feel like giving his best to the job, and a reasonable profit to the employer. In this series of articles I think I have made it plain that profiteering on Government contracts is largely a thing of the past. The Government is nobody's "goat."

The National War Labor Board has taken "an attitude firmly opposed to unjust profits on the part of capital and unreasonable demands on the part of labor. . . . It reaffirms, however, the principle that the worker is entitled to a wage sufficient to sustain himself and family in health and reasonable comfort, and restates the purpose of this board

to apply the principle in each of the cases that come before it for decision."

The same board "declares the war to be an interregnum in which the wheels of industry should turn only in the common cause and for common ends, neither for unjust profits on the part of capital or unfairly inflated wages on the part of labor."

Now, the disorganization of labor of which I spoke does not refer to internal organization, such as unions and associations, but to the relation of American labor to essential war industries. We have the 25,000,000 workers which the war will require—we have them all right—if we hadn't we would have been in hot water before now—but we haven't them in place.

It is like having an army, but not having it where it is needed. Our industrial army is here, but it is not organized, and it is not at the front, where it is needed, that is, on war work.

WHERE THE TROUBLE HAS BEEN.

What have been the chief faults of the situation, so far as the individual worker is concerned? After we have dealt with the individual we can then see how it affects the system.

First, the worker has neither known what war work was nor where it was being done. He has "heard" things on the street, he has applied where he thought his labor would benefit the Government, but he has not known definitely. Now, his lack of information on this point is unnecessary. If he has a job now and doesn't want to quit (it is patriotic to STICK TO YOUR JOB!) he can register with the United States Public Service Reserve, stating his trade and qualifications, and will be notified when his services can be used to advantage on Government work. This registration involves no compulsion. When his notice comes he can go or stay, as he likes. He will be given as much information about the job and the place as is obtainable. There is no fee, no obligation.

If he has no job, or, having one, wants to get into Government work immediately, he can apply at the United States Employment Service, where he may be assigned to work immediately on the conditions just stated.

Second, the tendency of men to change their jobs has been a great hindrance to war industry. Enough men changed their jobs last year to equal in effect TWENTY DIVISIONS OF SHOCK TROOPS PRESENTED TO THE KAISER. The men didn't intend to help the Kaiser when they quit, but that is what they did by hindering the United States.

When a man quits his job it is an individual strike, and strikes always tie up production. It costs in production from $50 to $200 every time a man changes his job and a new man is put on. It throws the Government back five rifles, or 1,000 cartridges or 50 hand grenades, or eight uniforms, or 10 pairs of shoes, according to the job that the man quits. The 30,000,000 unskilled workers in the country held last year about 150,000,000 jobs. You can see what loss and confusion that amounted to. That is why it is said: IT IS PATRIOTIC TO STICK TO YOUR JOB.

Get the right job by applying through the Government agency, and then stay with it, working a full day every day. That is what Production requires.

Third, the competition of employers for men has been a source of loss and confusion. There are enough men in the country, but not always enough men in the city where the work is being done, and so employers compete with each other for men. The result is that no fac-

tory organization is stable. One Detroit employer finds himself 500 men short every morning; they have been coaxed away on one pretext or another. This slows up production.

The first cause of loss, the roaming around of men, will be obviated if men will apply to the Government Employment Agency, and not trust their own partial information. The second will be obviated if men will understand the patriotic implications of the day's work. And the third has been abolished by the Government, through prohibiting employers from hiring men in the old haphazard way.

WORKERS FOR JOBS—JOBS FOR WORKERS.

What the Government wants to do, Mr. Workman, is to avail itself of your skill and experience where it will best help win the war. And that is where every loyal American wants to use his skill.

"But will it involve my leaving my home town?" a man may ask.

Probably not. There was a time when most of the war work was done in the East. Now, however, there is a broad belt north of Washington and extending past New York, where no new war contracts are being let because the factories are loaded up. The war work of the Government is now spreading fanlike over the entire country. A little while ago Detroit was the western frontier of that work; then Chicago began to be included; now it is reaching as far as St. Louis. The Farther West virtually is untouched as yet. The West may be called on to give labor to the states farther east.

The policy of the government is not merely to transport men to where the war industries are located, but also to locate war industries where the men are to be found. No man has to leave his home if he does not desire, but if a man has no family responsibilities or for any other reason would be willing to move to help meet a labor shortage in another state, this is arranged for him. Those who prefer to stay in the city of their residence are put to work in that vicinity. Some moving may be necessary to man all the work and work all the men, but there is no compulsion about it.

The result of this will be to put the Government in touch with the skill it needs, and to put the skill in touch with the job where it can best serve. What less can an American workman do, if he would help his Government, than to register for war work, and to work with a will to support the boys who are on the Other Side?

MONEY USELESS WITHOUT LABOR.

You can raise billions of dollars, but that will not drive one rivet in a ship, nor fashion one uniform, nor forge one gun, nor make one shell. It takes labor to do that—careful, skilful, honest labor. Your money can only support the workman while he is making the material of war and the soldier while he is using it.

Labor here and in the trenches, labor everywhere, is the only thing that will win the war—the labor of man and the bounty of nature.

Armies no longer "live on the country" unless they repeat the horrors of Belgium; they live on what is sent from their home countries; and it is labor that makes and sends that support.

If you get your job through the Government Employment Agency, you are sure of serving in this cause of the common people everywhere.

When the war is won, labor will have won it with all its demands, for labor will have won the war, both here and in the trenches. If we lose the war, then a military autocrat from overseas will settle our labor troubles for us in his own way, and that will put progress centuries back.

It is incumbent on Capital as well as Labor—there can be no par-

tiality of emphasis in this insistence—to merge all differences in the one duty that confronts us all. Over in Russia they talked and talked about their labor and capital difficulties and while they were talking the Germans walked through the lines. That must not happen here.

It is obvious, of course, that if a goodly portion of American labor had not stuck by the job, we could not have gone as far as we have. But even at that we have done less than half of what we might have done. At one time within the year the Government could not spend one-fourth of the money it had for war purposes, because the war material had not been produced. There was nothing to buy. We have astonished the world by breaking the world's records, yet there is one man in Washington who knows we have not done half of what we could, or of what we shall do when we organize industrially under the call that went forth, Aug. 1. The very plenitude of our resources saved us in the midst of confusion. The organization of our resources will render us invincible—not only to win the war, but shorten the war by winning it with a rush.

EVERY PAIR OF HANDS COUNTS.

Labor always has been loyal. Where its disorganization has hindered the country it was because the individual workman did not always feel that, in the great mass, he personally counted. A sufficient number of men thought that way to make things pretty shaky.

Everybody counts. Skilled men and unskilled men count. Thousands of college professors and 250,000 boys are working in the harvest fields of the United States, because they have been made to know that every man jack of them counts.

The coal miners of the United States, fewer in number than ever before, are turning out more coal than was ever mined in the nation's history, because they have come to know that every pick counts. They have given up their holidays and vacations. Old miners who retired by reason of age have come back to work to help the boys over the sea.

If I had desired, if it had seemed the more useful course, I could have devoted the entire articles to instances like that. But the other thing is so much bigger—the need for seeing where we have fallen down, the need for co-operation with the Government, both employer and employe, through the new plans which went into effect Aug. 1, is so great—that I felt I could best serve the reader who wants to help by putting these facts before him.

If you are at work on things not essential to the life of the people or the supply of the armies, register with the U. S. Public Service Reserve, so that they may know where you are and what you can do.

If you are at liberty and are seeking a job, go to the U. S. Employment Service, and they will place you.

Employers: don't gum up the work by hiring men on your own hook, not knowing what government work you may be disorganizing thereby. If your line is non-essential to the war, don't hesitate to give up your workmen to war service. You have let your son go to the war; you will let your workmen go where they can serve war purposes.

When both workmen and employers obey the Government and work through its agencies, our industrial system then will begin to boost this war with conquering and unanimous strength.

"NOT JUST HATS OFF TO THE FLAG—
BUT SLEEVES UP FOR IT!"

Mobilizing National Morality and Religion

WASHINGTON, Aug. 22.—There will be a military history of this war written; indeed, it is being written now and from day to day by men appointed to that work. There will also be written a medical and surgical history of the war; experts are writing that by daily stages even now. Other histories are being written dealing with transportation and supply, organization and classification, and the numerous other aspects of the life of an army in action. But if there could also be written a religious history of the American Army, it would surely disclose an undercurrent of life that never gets into the dispatches. The training of the National Army not only has effected the physical renewal of the young manhood of the nation, but its moral and spiritual renewal as well, and the influence of it has gone out to sober and deepen the mind and spirit of the entire nation.

It was only a little thing, but I had never seen it before, and it will serve as a small sidelight on what has just been said. One evening on Pennsylvania avenue, in the vicinity of the statue of Ben Franklin, Printer, a Salvation Army corps was holding its outdoor meeting. The members beat their drums and sang their hymns and soldiers who were promenading the avenue stopped to listen. I counted 50 soldiers in the crowd.

Presently the Salvationists dropped to their knees on the pavement to pray. Instantly, as if an order had been given, every soldier's field hat came off, and every soldier assumed the position, "Parade rest." Those who had been lounging aginst Ben Franklin straightened up, those who had been leaning on a chum's shoulder stood erect as if a general were passing. It was done with an alert movement, as if it were the only thing, the right thing to do. And then, slowly, shamefacedly, one by one, a few civilians followed suit. I had never seen a street crowd at a Salvation Army round-up uncover in such large proportion before, and it was the soldiers' act that forced it.

Next day I mentioned the incident to one of the officers in the Department, and this is what he said:

SOLDIERS RESPECT SALVATION ARMY.

"Six months ago probably not one of those men would have thought of doing that. But they get a new view of such things in the camps. Besides, the church is standing by them in such a manner that they are getting a new light on the church. As to their respect for the street-corner Salvationists, that is easily explained. The boys have heard from returned men what the "S. A.," as they call it, is doing overseas. It is a fact that of all the organizations at work for the soldier's welfare over there, the Salvation Army has won the deepest respect of all. Strange, isn't it? But it is true. What you saw on the avenue was partly reverence for the act of prayer and partly admiration for the Salvation Army."

It did sound strange. So, when in search of material for this article, I came to the offices of the Federated Churches of Christ in America, I mentioned the incident again. And to my greater amazement, the official churchmen there said the same things as the Government officer, but a little stronger. These official churchmen have charge of the more formal work of religion in the Army, the selection of chaplains and the like, but they awarded the highest palm to the Salvation Army. Frankly, I had expected a very different set of facts.

Religion and morality are not outside ideals which are merely tolerated by the military authorities out of respect for the notions of the civilian population; they are regarded as integral parts of the Army system.

For the first time in history a great army has been organized on the principle that millions of unmarried men can and will live the strictest moral life. There is absolutely not one shred of provision made for anything else. In other armies, what is euphoniously termed "human nature" is distinctly provided for—Kipling's assertion, "Single men in barracks don't grow into plaster saints," is taken for granted. The assertion may be true of the old-time barracks life, with its leisure and its rum, its lack of purpose and its triviality—but it can not be true of single men in the stiffest training ever devised and fighting a world war for a spiritual issue.

MILITARY LIFE BASED ON PERSONAL MORALITY.

There is a minority amongst the older officers of the Army who still believe the soldier must be a high-strung, immoral young devil to amount to much, but that idea does not control the American Army today. Everything is against it. Our military system is built on the assumption that the soldier will live a high type of personal life, as regards both physical and moral cleanliness. The regulations impose an almost monastic regime. And the soldiers thrive upon it.

The Commission on War Training Camp Activities is the principal official safeguard of the soldier's ordinary morals. It cleans out, by the aid of other agencies, all untoward influences in the camp zone. It captures and detains all persons with designs upon the soldier's morals. The lewd woman is regarded by war regulation as a potential enemy agent, and is treated accordingly. Social gatherings of low tone are made impossible.

The surreptitious booze traffic is tirelessly hounded.

These are the negative parts of the work. The positive work provides a high tone of amusement, recreation and social opportunity for the soldier. Thousands of soldiers are, for the first time, coming into familiar contact with the higher standards of American social life; they are being welcomed into the American home; they are given a chance to sense the atmosphere of true American domesticity. The opportunities provided for their improvement are greater than the opportunities for evil taken away from them.

In all this work, of course, the voluntary service of the American church—Christian and Jewish—is the main force. The response of the American church in all its branches to the call of the Government has been phenomenal. The church has a stake in the armies—witness the service flags that adorn our edifices of worship! The church has been one of the most effective recruiting stations for this war. It has been an efficient agent of the Food Conservation and the Liberty Loan campaigns. Much of the Red Cross work of the country centers in the churches. The contribution of the churches bore the largest part of the burden of placing Y. M. C. A. and K. of C. huts in every training camp, in America and overseas. And it was the energy supplied by the churches that enabled the War Department to avail itself of the agencies which generate moral influence in the ranks of the armies. It is simply impossible to overestimate what the church has meant to the Government in this war.

The Government's part is in directing these agencies of moral influence. They are present in the Army and Navy, not on mere sufferance and tolerance, but on invitation and order. The Government

cares greatly that the work should be done, and cares greatly how it is done.

Hence, we have the training camps of the chaplains.

PUTTING THE CHAPLAIN THROUGH HIS PACES.

If people imagine that a chaplain is a good-natured clergyman of the slippered variety who go about offering Dorcas Society trivialities to the soldiers, a visit to a chaplain's training camp would dissipate that notion.

Every chaplain is a clergyman, but not every clergyman can be a chaplain. To be a chaplain a man must care a lot more about the soldier than he does about himself. He must be able to stand a lot of work with a minimum of meditation. He must care a lot more about a man than about a creed. He must, to quote an army officer, be a "he-man," with something of a sage's insight, something of a guardian angel's patience and something of a father's sympathy. And these must not exist merely in his intention; they must be evident in his personality.

There is no clergyman too distinguished, too learned, too experienced in the diagnosis of spiritual ailments and in the cure of souls—there is no pastor too good to be a chaplain. Only the best can carry the job through.

Ministers who serve as chaplains are going to be different men when they come back. I saw a number of reports which indicate that many of these men never will return to the pastorate—it isn't big enough for them. There is a great deal of discussion among stay-at-homes as to the effect this war will have on religion, but the only tangible angle from which this question can be considered is the undoubted effect the war is having upon the view of the church held by ministers who have had army experience.

And why not? How few ministers are free from the complaint that men don't go to church—and here the chaplain is appointed to a parish of 1,200 men all at once! Twelve hundred young men, between 21 and 31, who are going to be the world-makers of the next two decades! Was there ever such an opportunity? Is there anything like that opportunity at home?

But to get back to the training of the chaplains. Under the new law, which allots a chaplain to every 1,200 men, or two chaplains to a regiment, there are needed for the present army 1,666 men. For every additional million soldiers raised, there will be needed another 833 chaplains. There are only 800 chaplains in the service now, and 550 more are being asked for—150 of whom are in sight. The age limit is 21 to 45. The qualifications are, first, the approval of the Federated Council of the Churches of Christ, if the candidate is a Protestant, or the approval of the Catholic Bureau for Army and Navy chaplains, if the candidate is a Catholic; or the approval of the Jewish Welfare Board, if the candidate is a Jew. This means that the candidate must be an ordained minister, in good standing, and qualified to pass the moral, mental and physical tests prescribed by the regulations. Out of 1,600 points, his educational attainments count 400; his experience as pastor and teacher counts 500; the other points are distributed amongst lesser matters.

REV. PRIVATE WORKS HARD.

When accepted the candidate must enlist for five weeks' training at a Training School for Chaplains conducted by the War Department. The school at Camp Taylor, Ky., is unique in that it is the only school in existence exclusively for chaplains. The chaplains' school is not a

theological seminary. Obviously it could not be since the recent enrollment at Camp Taylor showed Catholics, Baptists, Presbyterians, Methodists, Episcopalians, Congregationalists, Jews, Lutherans and Disciples of Christ in attendance.

Something of the unity that obtains there may be seen in the fact that the last class to graduate chose its only Catholic priest as its president. But this tendency toward unity of religious effort is observable everywhere in the army. In the early days of Camp Custer, a Protestant worker who slept in a "Y" hut used to get up at daylight to let a Catholic priest use his bedroom in which to hear confessions.

The Reverend Private—for that is his rank, be he bishop or itinerant preacher—is treated to military discipline from the moment he sets foot in camp. He gets up by bugle at 5:30, douses himself in cold water, jumps into his uniform and hikes to the parade ground where he puts in 15 minutes of stiff "setting up" exercises, after which he takes a half mile run to prepare him for breakfast. When mess call sounds, he takes his mess tin and forms in line to get his "chow," after which he washes his dishes, makes up his cot and "polices" or cleans up his barracks. He does what he is told, as any private soldier does, and if he feels it beneath his dignity, he is disciplined. He is refused permission to leave camp, or something like that. It doesn't matter what his rank in the church; in the training camp he is a private. If he is a learned man and thinks the studies too trivial for him, the regulations say that he is "not temperamentally suited to the present emergency."

From 7:30 to 9:30 the Reverend Private sweats through a heavy drill period under military officers. From 9 to 10 he studies military law; in his position as chaplain he will come in contact with soldiers who have violated military law, and his natural sympathy will incline him to to advise or plead for them. His knowledge of military law will enable him to know what is proper in the circumstances. From 10 to 11 he will study international law. From 11 to 12 he will study military organization—he will be given a knowledge of the army as a whole.

And then, from 12 to 1:30 he has nothing to do but feed, wash his dishes and do any of a score of things that may be waiting.

From 1 to 2:30 he will study what is politely known as equitation—it really means learning how to ride a horse without hanging on to his neck and sliding around in the saddle, and how to sit up straight when every muscle aches with soreness. After this he learns the art of being valet to the horse, the technic of the curry-comb and brush and other stable arts.

There is a hiatus in the program, between 2:30 and 3, which is granted, perhaps to permit the Reverend Private to air his clothes and get the kinks out of his legs.

THE COURAGE OF CHAPLAINS.

From 3 to 4 he studies military hygiene and first aid. This means a number of things; for one it means that the chaplain will sometimes be out in the front where the shells are bursting and men are bleeding, and he has got to know what to do. He will have wounds to bind, morphine to administer, stimulants for the fainting, as well as consolation for the dying.

And if any reader thinks the chaplain hesitates about going "over the top" with his men, he ought to read the records of chaplains in this war. It is the bravery of chaplains, and the sacrifice of their lives sometimes, that is making religion the reality it is at the front.

From 4 to 5 he learns how to guide the recreations and amusements of the men. First thing back from the trenches, or first thing after a fight, it is up to the chaplain to lift the gloom that comes from the thought of dead and wounded friends. The fight is over, but his work isn't done.

From 5 to 6 the chaplain-candidate studies other things, so that he will be able to talk authoritatively about them to the men who didn't know before—subjects never used as sermon topics.

And then from 8 to 10 in the evening he is busy on the day's work just done, or the work to follow the bugle which sounds the reveille just seven and a half hours after it sounds "taps."

And this goes on every day in the week except Sunday. The candidate is expected to preach two or three times Sunday, and the authorities scout round to hear him. When does he prepare his sermons? When does he meditate? Well, on Saturdays he has nothing to do but a three-hour march—a mere 12 or 15 miles in the dust and heat—with a little "mounted practice" on the side, and then he is turned loose to become as much of a clergyman as he can for the morrow. But there is no "blue Monday" following Sunday's exertion. At 5:30 a. m. on Monday the bugle blows him up again, and the work begins all over, becoming increasingly difficult as the course proceeds.

O JOY! HE'S NOW REV. LIEUTENANT.

But when he gets through—when he is worn down to fighting trim, and feels his muscles—when he talks out like a man reborn—when the colonel reads his name from a paper and he is no longer a Reverend Private, but a Reverend Lieutenant, with a commission in the Army of the United States—then it's "O, joy, O, boy! where do we go from here?" and it's—

"The Yanks are coming, the Yanks are coming,
The drums rum-tumming everywhere;
And we won't come back till it's over, over there."

And then the last night, before he departs for his station, it's the old doxology:

"Praise God from Whom all blessings flow."

Presently the soldiers begin to write home, "the chaplain's a good guy—he lent me five francs when I was broke." And the chaplain writes back: "I'm living for the first time in my life. I don't see how I can ever go back to the old little round of things."

And what is he over there? He is anything and everything. He is censor of letters, sometimes. He is the amanuensis of wounded soldiers. He writes to the folks back home the things their boy said before he went behind the veil, and how he felt about it all and about them. He tells them where the grave is.

He writes a mother or a sweetheart how well their lad is coming on in the hospital, and how proudly he has done himself. He goes over with fellows who are afraid—afraid with that fear which is the worst in the world, the fear of being afraid, and he shows them they are as brave as any. He follows on and stops with the men who drop, and sees them cared for. In rest billets he sets up classes and little lecture courses to employ the time. His spoken sermons may be few and short, but his life is eloquent—and, besides the soldiers understand life better than discourses.

But what does it all accomplish in a religious way? Anything definite? The reports which come back are marvelous in the eyes of anyone who has a sense of these things. From Bishop Brent, of the Philippines, whom Pershing has appointed senior staff chaplain, as-

sisted by the Rev. Paul Moody, son of the great evangelist, and Fr. Doherty, to the least lieutenant-chaplain, the reports are marvelous. Pershing himself, since going across, has joined the church of his wife's faith. He crossed to London to do it.

THE DEFINITE SPIRITUAL RESULTS.

Old chaplains in the Army are amazed at the change which has come over things. The new chaplains, who have come from comfortable churches, never saw the practical power of religion before as they see it in the Army. By the thousands do boys line up—or "enlist," as they say—on the right side. "Never a day passes," writes a chaplain, "that from six to 20 boys do not seek me out to settle the matter with them."

The religious services on troop ships crossing the seas never have been described, and those who see them hesitate to describe them, because words have their limits—and religious words, especially have been worn too thin. On every battleship in the United States Navy there is "The Church on the ship."

The chaplains do not take the credit. Work the church has done at home for boys who left it when they left the Sunday school—that is given the credit. This new Army comes out of the homes of America. It needed to be told nothing. It knew what the churches taught. But it drifted. The new moral fiber created by the demands of a time of war, the new and nearer view of the fundamental realities, brought it face to face with the moral imperative in a way nothing else could have done and the Army is responding.

The religion of the soldier is different from the religion of the people at home. It is spiritual without being particularly pious. It is a deepened sense of the invisible reality, more than an increased reverence for the visible garments of religion. It is direct, as between Deity and humanity, rather than by ecclesiastical organization. The church in its more austere aspects is not present in the Army, but religion is. The soldiers are not psalm-singing devotees, but, as Bishop McCormick puts it, "they have bet their life on God," and that is the sum of faith.

This article has not mentioned all the agencies at work—the Y. M. C. A., the K. of C., the J. W. B., the Salvation Army, the various women's organizations that help the soldier keep in touch with the sweet sanity of life; it has dealt only with those agencies in which the Government by assuming full responsibility and control, has put its seal upon moral and religious work for the soldier It is a great thing to know that the Government has done this and that the American soldier has responded with such amazing frankness and sincerity.

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